



ethos

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*Earth's the right place for love:
I don't know where it's likely to go better.*
ROBERT FROST, "BIRCHES"



Start With 'A'...

DEBORAH FIELD, '68

She peered at the water, squinting at the clouds that scudded across the darkening horizon. As the tide inched forward along the rocky shore, she remembered the sign on the beach-road that warned, "Do not remove pebbles from this area." Were people afraid, she wondered, that if everyone helped a little at a time the sea would win?

Settled in a jagged hollow on the rock rim, she looked around. Everyone was farther up the beach where rocks gave way to brown grass and sand, and the waves made soft, slapping noises. High on the rock it was different. She shut a part of herself off and turned her attention to the sea as it gulped down precious inches of the shore. "Do not remove pebbles," rang in her ears against the bellow of the ocean. Waves slammed against the stone barrier that any minute might slide into the sea, leaving the earth bare and unprotected. Would she let the tide engulf her too, or would she resist and turn and run back to weather-beaten civilization? But then the tide turned, as the ocean gave up and started back out. She would not have to make a choice.

Relieved, she stretched out on the clanking rocks, watching the moderate landslide her movement had caused. It was the fault of her innate clumsiness. What was it — beauty is only skin deep, but ugliness goes all the way to the bone. She closed her eyes tight and felt the sun-burned dusk on her face . . .

She became Dolores Jade, lying on white sand and waiting for the man who was walking up the beach. He came slowly. His name was Jason. He had white-gold hair and blue eyes. She would marry him and have four

sons — all dark and honey-skinned.

"Hello," someone said above her.

She opened her eyes and sat up. He was dressed as Jason would be, she supposed, although she hadn't given the matter much thought. But he wasn't so fair or so gently beautiful. Still —

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Wendy," she decided. She would do it right this time. Perpetual childhood would be victorious. "Look, there's a rabbit!" She stared as it hurried off over skimming stones. She was mixing images again, but it really didn't matter.

"Shouldn't you have chased it?" he humored her.

"No. I've followed it before. I know where it ends up. That's the trouble. I always know."

His expression was dubious. "You don't know about me." He sat down beside her.

"Maybe I do. Maybe I made you, too." But she was almost sure she hadn't and he had no business being here.

"All right, where do I come from?" he inquired. He had evidently decided to play according to her rules.

"Don't you know?" Her irritation showed. She thought she had created a rather self-sufficient race of beings. But she still couldn't be sure whether he was one of them.

"If I did know I wouldn't be asking you," he countered.

She made a face. "You sound as though you're an amnesia victim. I thought at first you were like Jason but you're not."

"Who's Jason?" His tone had lost some of its amused quality.

"I was waiting for him. He was going to fall in love with Lores."

He was quiet for a moment. Maybe he was trying to figure out what game it was she was playing. "But who's Lores?" he finally asked. "Why does he love her?"

Lores . . . Her mother was half French, half Danish, fair and beautiful . . . Her father . . . his father was half Russian gypsy and half Greek . . . his mother half Arab . . . Who wouldn't love Lores?

"She's beautiful," she said at last, "all the Jades are. It's in their blood."

"All the Jades?" he looked perplexed. "There are more of them?"

"Oh, yes. I kept making more, and then I couldn't get rid of them, I got attached to them, you see. Now there are too many, but I can't help it."

"How many of them?" He latched onto the concrete.

"Fifteen. Fourteen girls and a boy, the youngest."

"That's — rare," his voice was slow and worried.

"Next to impossible," she agreed. "Fifteen, all different. First there's Rosalind. She's dark like Lores, but quieter. Then Caitlin, who's a redhead and slightly neurotic, which is understandable. She's had problems."

"Oh?" he raised his eyebrows. "What sort of problems?"

She ignored the question and continued, "Then Rebecca, then Ruth. They look a lot alike, but one is brunette and the other blonde. Gabriella is little, fair, and un-angelic, and the twins, Antigone and Susannah, are dark. Rosaurora has blonde hair, Naomi light auburn and Veronica coal black. She looks the most like her father. Rachel is blonde, Leonie another redhead, and then there's Sheila." She paused.

"Dark?" he prompted.

"Fair, and a deaf-mute. Just to make it interesting."

"There's still the boy," he was counting on his fingers.

"Peter. He's like his father, too." Peter was only twelve, not old enough to be important yet. When she had been that age, it was easy to put her mind into another twelve-year-old

body, but now she reached ahead instead of back, toward complexity rather than simplicity.

"The girls—are they all in love," he asked, "like Lores?"

"Most of them. They're married as far down as Naomi, and she's promised, more or less. Do you know how long it took to get them all married? Picking the people, I mean." She smiled, recalling, "Years. Nights and nights, and lists and lists of names."

"You'd have to be careful," he said, focusing on the problem.

"Very. I was worried about Sidney for a while, but he finally worked out. He has character. Or at least he found out he did. He's fine for Roz. You already know about Jason. And Caitlin is married to Mark Heron. He's a surveyor. I don't know why. Rebecca's husband is John Henry Thunder. He's an Apache."

"There aren't any left," the man protested. "All the Apaches have died out."

"No they haven't. Johnny's one."

"Oh never mind," he said irritably. "I'll try not to be realistic. Go ahead. What about the rest of them?"

"Well, Ruth is married to Judah Ben-Ari. He's an Israeli professor of economics. Brilliant, and very handsome, of course. Gabriella is married to an architect named Andrea, but I really don't know any more about him. And Antigone's husband is Rod Desmond, one of the Fitz Maras."

"Who are they?" He was fighting total confusion.

She had tried to stop before she blurted the name out but now it was too late. She stalled. "What do you mean?"

"The Fitz Maras," he repeated, "who are they? You haven't mentioned them before."

"Oh . . ." she watched an eight-horse chariot thunder across the beach, far ahead of the other racers . . . She couldn't let him break in . . .

"Maybe later," she promised vaguely. "I haven't finished the Jades yet." She continued the litany. "Susannah married a Syrian, Mussalem Shammoud."

"You weren't being very careful there," he commented. "You already have an Israeli.

Doesn't it make for unnecessary friction?"

"They're above politics," she explained airily. "There's a Russian, too, Igor Ilyitch Petrov, Rosaurora's husband. He's a ballet dancer who defected."

"Like Nureyev?"

She nodded. "I had trouble with Aurora, until I found out Igor existed."

"But how do you know?" he asked. "Where do you find them?"

"Some people don't work. You can tell right away, but sometimes you don't know what to do about it. You go back a few centuries and try different kinds . . . The Jades fit in, separately or together, rather well in any time. All that had to be changed were professions, mostly. But it takes so much time. I've been working on them for seven or eight years. They've changed a lot."

"Who's changed? All of them? What about the Fitz Maras?" he persisted. "Why won't you talk about them?"

"There are so many others . . ." Her fabrications depended on the mood, the music. Sometimes she walked down a street pursued

by wolves from a white Russian wilderness or dark-robed camel riders . . . "There's Hajj," she said, steering safely away from a too-inner core. "Hajj Ali Hamama, the Hawk."

"All right — tell me about him." He was caught, unwillingly.

"In 1917 Hajj ran with all his people from the Turks and begged the Emir for food. But the Emir locked him in a dungeon, with his left hand chained to the wall, and a knife beside him on the floor. Hajj left his severed hand for the Emir, but he received something in return, something of more lasting value and usefulness. He took the Emir's wife, who had been childless for five years, and she bore Hajj eight sons and two daughters."

"How did you think that one up?" he asked, impressed.

"There was an Australian outlaw called 'The Claw' who was sixteen when he was transported, and he was chained to another prisoner who cut off the boy's hand to get loose. It seemed like an interesting plot twist. I'm rather eclectic that way." Plot-making filled time on trains. Fragmented sentences



Illustration by Florence Garratt, '69

became whole dialogues between splintered selves.

"1917," he mused. "That means Hajj might still be alive. Is he?"

"I don't know. He was very useful in World War II. My wars are fought on horseback and camel, and only the Arabs do that. He's old now, four years older than the century, so he may be dead, but I don't know. I can't kill him myself."

"Why not?" he complained. "It's natural. Doesn't anyone ever die?"

"No one important. Sometimes I make someone expendable, so he can die, but I have to be careful not to get too attached, because then I can't let him. At first I could, but then I had to re-think some people, because they wouldn't stay dead, and their presence made me uncomfortable. It's difficult" There were too many of them. Too many in the now, always there, ready with thoughts, words, demanding to be molded. But who was doing the molding? And if he was one of them, what was he doing here unsummoned? It was better to make them for the moment, to freeze them in time, and leave them . . . "Like Patsy," she said.

"Patsy?" He was puzzled by her unspoken reasoning.

"Patience Harrington. A fat self. Everyone else is beautiful — strangely, wonderfully beautiful. Patsy's just fat."

"You can't do that," he objected. "She must have something."

"Oh, she's resigned to it, even if she does go around muttering, 'Hath not a fat person eyes?' and things like that. But she's lucky. She was nineteen in 1826, and it was easier to be fat then, in spite of Aunt Sarah, who kept saying, 'Look at your sisters — they'll be married when you're still an old maid.'"

"More sisters," he groaned. "How many this time?" He had a numerical mind.

"Five. Prudence, Hope, Constance, Charity and Faith. I'm very fond of them. You see, they live next door to the Parkers, and Prudence is in love with Eben Parker. But his father is a Yankee trader, and he and his brother Sam are always out on long sea voyages, so she doesn't see him too often, and

he's rather sought after, when he is home."

"I would imagine so," he agreed, "what with the demand for good husbands and all. What about Sam? Anyone have her eye on him?"

"Well, people have given up. He's thirty and still single. Rather odd, anyway. He was impressed into the British Navy when he was sixteen, and then captured by Tunisian slavers. He's had an exciting life, as you can see. He's really a marvelous man. The 'Sam' is for Samson, but he's quite gentle, most of the time. He and Patsy deserve each other."

"I was afraid you were going to say that," he nodded. "It wouldn't really have happened that way."

She shrugged. "There is poetic justice in all things, especially when I have anything to do with it."

"Well," he said, studying her, "why don't you just go on a diet instead of compensating this way? Anyway, you're not that bad."

"I wouldn't be any different. *I* don't change, and neither do they. I mean, they're all alike, because they're part of me, whoever I feel like at the moment. I used to be only one other self. A very talented girl, naturally. But then there were more and more, because it was easier to think than to write, and then the words would be wrong."

"But there would be something *there*," he emphasized the actual, "something real, some proof of all the time you've spent."

"But it wouldn't be what I wanted," she shook her head. "I can't write about all the I's in me, not unless it's right, every word and feeling. Even then it couldn't be, because I know all of them too well. I'm too close to them." She meant it in two or three different ways. Sometimes they pushed their way into her brain, too private to be kept out, but they weren't real, really, and she wondered how dangerous they were. Was she making her own personal Yr? Nobody ever promised her a rose garden

"Now you," she gestured at him, "I can't tell. Are you there, in the world? And if so, which one, mine or the other one?"

"If I'm part of yours, I'm part of you, and there's nothing you have to keep secret from me." There he was, ferreting in

"I like to write names," she said, trying to push him out, away. "Odd ones. Electra Williams. Artazostra Burke. Or just start with 'A' and go through the alphabet. You can go on for pages." He would try to force his way in again, she knew, without being sure why she shouldn't let him in. Wouldn't let him in.

"Why do you do all this?" he demanded. "What makes you?"

"Anything." Anything could stir her, provoke her.

"But it's not creativity, it's withdrawal. It's all right until you go too far and don't want to come back."

"That isn't it, that isn't it at all." She was relieved by his fears. "It's going out too far — to another person — that's what I'm afraid of."

"You can never do that," he said definitively.

"Why not? You could do it, couldn't you, if you knew yourself too well?"

He laughed at her. "You don't have to worry about that. You don't have a self. It would take a long time to put all the fragments together."

"I am not a jigsaw puzzle," she said. "Don't think you can put all the pieces together and see my picture."

"There's still a piece missing, anyway," he said sullenly. "And you won't give it to me."

"I can't give it to you. Not that I don't want to, but I can't because — I can't."

"Communication," he sermonized, "is mankind's greatest problem."

"Not mine. Not mine at all. You *can* know yourself too well and go spreading yourself all over, leaving bits of you with people who don't care — or who do care. It doesn't matter which. Have you ever been in love?" she asked parenthetically.

"Yes," he replied without hesitation.

"I think I have." She was cautious. "Of course I didn't know it at the time. I wasn't going to get involved. You never are. I thought at first he was just a habit, but that may have made it worse, because habits are hard to break."

"You'll know when you're in love." His tone was somewhat supercilious.

"Oh? How? I knew three months after it

was over, when he just wasn't there, and I minded. I've minded ever since."

"That's serious," he admitted.

"I don't miss him anymore. At least, not as much as I did at first. It's what he stole from me. Three years of me wrapped up inside his brain."

"But you shared something," he was insistent. "That's good."

"I shared myself with him. Too much of it, and it took so long to repair the damage . . ." She hadn't even gone as close as she was now.

"Aren't you afraid you'll go too far again?" His concern was voiced with the air of one who has never gone far at all and so knew no limits. "Though, of course, you don't have to worry about me, do you. I'm a figment of the imagination."

She studied him. "No, you're real. Or you exist apart from me. *I* didn't make you." Which was a relief, in a way.

He refused to give up. "But they're only phantasms. They can't stand the light. If you let go, you'll be safe."

"I can't release them. I can't be that generous with myself." It was a startling discovery, all things considered. And so simple. Reaching it had been the complicated part . . .

"Then it's better not to be generous at all," he said. It was what he had believed all along.

"Just be careful about it." One of the Fitz Maras even had her name, and she had to be careful about her. It was a too personal thing.

"Do you see the mermaid?" she pointed to the shoreline. It was like Ray Bradbury's, just as he had described her, the harp of her hair spread in silken threads on the wet sand.

"No!" he said angrily, his rescue attempt a failure.

"Of course not."

She smiled at him, got up and brushed the sand off her slacks. She waited to see if he would offer anything else but he was only staring at her uncertainly, so she started off down the beach.

After a while she looked back and noticed with satisfaction that the mermaid had disappeared. Then she walked over the rocks to the road.

THE SLAVOPHILES:

ORIGINS, IDEOLOGY AND IMPACT

JEANNINE JACKMAUH, '68

The problem of the Slavophiles — who they were and what they stood for — is difficult to resolve because of conflicting interpretations given them both by their own contemporaries and by subsequent historians. It is certain, however, that there is a much deeper and more positive value to their ideas and influence than many have been willing to admit. In view of the impact of the Slavophiles on the so-called “Westernizer” groups, as well as on socialists, nihilists and anarchists in nineteenth century Russia, it is unfair to dismiss them as mere reactionary supporters of the status quo or men with their gazes turned only to the past. The Slavophiles’ concepts of theology, man, Russia and her place in history contained much that was deeply characteristic of the Russian mind and much that would have a decisive influence on the future course of Russian intellectual history.

The term “slavophile” is, itself, rather deceptive, since it has been applied at different periods to men with completely distinct philosophies. The term was originally used in derisive reference to Shishov, a reactionary opponent of linguistic modernization who championed the preservation of the difficult Old Church Slavonic. As early as 1803, Shishov had stated his belief that Russian and Church Slavonic were, and should be, one

and the same language. He not only attempted to restore the “purity” of the Russian tongue, but did so in a manner which glorified Russia’s past and rejected any present reform.

Nicholas Riasonovsky, who has made the most thorough study of the movement, defines the Slavophiles as,

... a group of nineteenth century Russian intellectuals who were drawn together by common beliefs, attitudes and aspirations in such fundamental issues as religion, philosophy, and the problem of Russia and the West.

According to Petrovitch, the movement dates from 1839 with the appearance of Khomiakov’s article “On the Old and the New.” And Kireevsky’s “Reply to Khomiakov,” though it was not officially published until after his death, gave further impetus to a spirited discussion concerning Russia’s relation to the West. The golden age of Slavophilism lasted from 1845 until 1860, with the deaths of Khomiakov and K. Aksahov. But the essential ideals of the Slavophiles were carried on by Samarin and Ivan Aksakov until the late nineteenth century.

The movement was born as the spirit of Western romanticism was aggravating Russia’s identity crisis. Though Russia had long been seeking to define her relationship with the West, the Napoleonic wars, which had increased the knowledge of things Western for many Russians, also heightened the aware-

ness of Russia's backwardness and inadequacies. But, Russia was also aware of an untapped power. It had been her armies which had done so much to topple Napoleon and it was her tsar, Nicholas I, who dared claim to be the "gendarme of Europe." Thus, both the Slavophiles and the Westernizers sought a new national purpose and destiny which could reconcile their evident indebtedness to the West with their growing national pride.

Basic to the rift between Russia and the West were their different spiritual traditions. Besides this gulf in values, in interpretation of the Christian tradition, the Slavophiles pointed to the Schism which had occurred between the Eastern and Western Churches. This, for them, was a further example, illustrating the purity of the Eastern faith in contrast to that of the West. They believed that since the time of the Schism, the West had maintained a deep hatred and fear of the East due to her feelings of guilt — a guilt for splitting Christian unity with her "arbitrary" addition of the "filioque" to her creed.

The Slavophiles, however, were never constant in an all-out condemnation of the West. They never agreed on how much of Western culture was durable and valuable and how much was damnable.

Philosophical Background

The Slavophiles, like most of the Russian intellectuals of the early nineteenth century were well versed in the idealistic German philosophy. Russia entered into this mainstream of European thought just at the time when her quest for meaning in the Russian past and present was so feverish. While the Slavophiles drew much inspiration from this German idealism, it must be remembered that this could never have been possible if the intellectual way had not already been paved.

Desiring to see the Slavophiles as truly original spokesmen for the Russian soul, many Russian historians refused to recognize the influence of Western romanticism. But, the romantic influence is undeniable. While Rus-

sian intellectuals were forbidden to study in France, the home of revolutions, they often did study in Germany, where they became acquainted with the ideas of Herder, Schiller, Hegel, and Schelling.

Of the German idealist philosophers, Schelling had the greatest personal reputation in Russia, though his philosophy, on the whole, was the least understood. The Slavophiles seized upon particular aspects of his philosophy which they incorporated into their own ideology. Schelling's vision of the world in its early "naturphilosophic" stage deluded them into believing that he had really achieved an organic synthesis. His proposal that everything in the world had its assigned place in one glorious whole was too easy and systematic an explanation. Yet, to the Slavophiles and the Russian intellectuals in the '30's, Schelling came to stand not only as the symbol of the romantic movement, but as its very culmination. His philosophy, however, unlike Hegel's, received no real development in Russia.

While there was no comprehensive grasp of Schelling's system at the time when his influence was greatest, particular aspects of his philosophy, such as the animative character of Nature, the intrinsic value of art, and the intuitive character of knowledge, served to shape the Slavophiles' own theories of history, nature, and national mission. Schelling's reaction against reason, his special emphasis on feeling and emotion, had particular appeal to the Slavophile mind. They felt strongly with him that only by intuition, never by analysis or reason, could one arrive at the truth, the Absolute. One could never know this Absolute, or "geist," which subsumed all of Nature, history and art except through the collective mind of the people, for the Absolute was greater than any individual. Only art and poetry could seize the essence of this universal life, and only a thorough immersion in philosophy and religion could interpret it. Thus, Schelling's hostility to rationalism caused him to be highly valued in the Slavophile mind.

The Slavophiles were also stirred by the "Hegelianstvo" which caught up the Russian intellectuals in new excitement. As Thomas Masaryk says, "Hegel, more than any other

man, changed the course of Russian intellectual history during the remarkable decade from 1838-1848." Although formed by Schelling, the older Slavophiles also studied Hegel. In fact, Hegel was much better represented than Schelling in the Russian universities.

The Slavophiles, however, criticized Hegel for not having established the truth of Christianity rationally, as he had proposed to do. They accused him of degrading religion into some sort of naturalistic pantheism which must inevitably lead to atheism. To the Slavophiles, this proved that the West was really decaying.

But while borrowing much, the Slavophiles did exert their creativity in religious and philosophical thought. Out of the romantic, idealistic inspiration which they had received from the West, the Slavophiles had established a mission for Russia distinct from that of Europe. Berdiaev also sees originality in their efforts to comprehend the distinctiveness of Eastern Orthodox Christianity which lay at the basis of Russian history. In addition, he perceives a difference in Russia's spiritual acceptance of German idealistic philosophy. The Russian spirit, as he sees it, was incapable of grasping relativity, but was always striving for wholeness, always seeking the Absolute. This spirit found confirmation in German philosophy. However, Berdiaev observes further that this Russian craving for wholeness was often fatal, for it increased tendencies to turn mere theories into dogmas, and dogmas into absolute religion. Thus, the Russian search for unity in the Absolute was manifested in the Slavophile championing of the unity of Eastern Orthodoxy against the fragmented nature of Christianity in the West. Yet, their search for a universal bond led the Slavophiles, like so many other romantic nationalists, to assert a national exclusiveness.

Slavophile Leaders

While united by common beliefs, the Slavophiles never formed any organization. The leaders of the movement, Ivan and Peter Kireevsky, Khomiakov, Konstantin and Ivan Aksakov and Samarin, all came from old gentry families. Being linked by blood, they possessed a greater solidarity than the West-

ernizers. All were well educated and deeply affected by Western thought.

Ivan Kireevsky, often called the philosopher of Slavophilism, was born in 1806 into highly cultured circles. As a student, he traveled in Germany where his love for philosophy grew. His path was determined, however, by his marriage to a very religious woman whose confessor, Filaret, turned Kireevsky's attention to Orthodoxy. While Kireevsky was often pictured as an admirable person and a noble idealist, he was, in reality, divided and tortured. His bitterness finally led him to betray the most cherished aspirations of the Slavophiles for freedom of the press, the independence of the Church, and the emancipation of the serfs.

However, his historio-religious philosophy established a basic Slavophile theme concerning "the people." The Russian spirit of simplicity and humility Kireevsky proclaimed was more truly Christian than the legalism and individualism which prevailed in the West.

While Kireevsky was the philosopher of Slavophilism, Alexei Stepanovich Khomiakov stood as its central figure. He produced voluminous works according to his varied interests. A theologian, an historian, and a poor poet, he was an extremely able debater, defending his views in salon discussions with Chaadaev, Herzen, Shevyrev and Pogodin. Breaking with the Westernizers in the 1840's, he became the recognized leader of the Slavophiles.

Khomiakov's philosophy of history and of religion were closely connected. It was, in fact, his theological conception of Russian Orthodoxy which largely shaped his whole view of history. This history was expounded in several volumes of a history of the world. Khomiakov complained that historians too often concentrated on states, instead of on the greater bonds of mankind. His historical method was certainly not scientific, rather, he believed that "poetry is required to understand history."

Thus, Khomiakov saw a basic spiritual cleavage between Russia and the West. Attributing a great multitude of sins to the West, he writes, "These sins were all related

and could be deduced from a single postulate: the history of the West was nothing but a logical development of the perverse spiritual principles which had formed its foundation." He believed that Russia, on the other hand, had been deeply penetrated by the spirit of Iran. Her strong sense of family and her communal institutions were living evidence of this. Even Russian folklore, in its emphasis on harmony and unity, spoke of this victory of Iranian culture in Russia.

Konstantin Aksakov, born in 1817, became an ardent spokesman of extreme Slavophilism. He defended all that was peculiarly Russian in his country and condemned all that was of foreign import. Among the Slavophiles, Riasonovsky observes, he was the most determined to wear a beard and "native" Russian dress, which made him look more like a Persian than a Russian to the natives.

He, like Khomiakov and other romantic nationalists, was extremely interested in history. In his battle against things alien to Russia, he heaped abuse on Peter the Great for having introduced rationalism, formalism, materialism, and legalism. This led to an inevitable breach between the followers of Peter, i.e. the bureaucratic aristocracy, and "the people." Urging Russia to return to its native principles, he urged the government to cease fearing revolution and to put its trust in the people by reviving the zemskii sobors of old. Though he may have been a romantic, Aksakov was conservatively democratic in his love for the people. He upheld greater freedom of speech and press, believing them to be weapons of moral truth.

Ivan Aksakov, brother of Konstantin, was the chief popularizer of Slavophilism. An ardent journalist, he edited the Slavophile periodical, "The Russian Conversation" and later, the "Moscow" which, in 1867, was banned by the government for twelve years. Under Aksakov, Slavophilism underwent a basic shift in emphasis, moving closer to Pan-Slavism.

Despite the extensive influence of men such as the Kireevskys, Khomiakov and Aksakov, it was Iurri Samarin who made the most concrete contribution to Russia — one which

changed her whole structure. Samarin was instrumental in effecting the emancipation of the serfs in 1861. Born in 1819, he had been greatly impressed by Hegel and was torn between Hegelianism and Orthodoxy. It was at this crucial period of his life that he met Khomiakov, who influenced his final choice of Orthodoxy.

Importance of Orthodoxy

Allegiance to Orthodoxy was necessary; in fact, it was fundamental to the whole notion of the Russian antithesis to the West. All other themes of Slavophile ideology depended on "the superior and supreme historical mission of Orthodoxy and of Russia," Riasonovsky points out. It must not be thought, however, that it was the official Russian Church which the Slavophiles espoused. On the contrary, they considered the Holy Synod, instituted by Peter the Great, to be an aberration from the true Russian spirit. As Cherniavsky declares, "the church was a revelation of the Holy Spirit, given to the mutual love of Christians, that love which leads them up to the Father through his incarnated Word, Our Lord, Jesus Christ." Thus, their very culture had been organized around Orthodoxy.

Within the Russian Church was inner freedom, as opposed to Western rationalism and formalism. Every man formed an organic part of the Church. Renouncing individualism and egoism, each member, through his self-sacrifice, became part of the greater whole, by which he was strengthened and transformed. No man need claim to be the head of the Russian Church; only Christ reigned. The Slavophiles viewed Russian nationality, Slavdom and government, then, as valuable precisely to the extent that they were Christian, that is, Orthodox.

Another aspect of their concept of the purity of Russian Christianity is what Cherniavsky calls the myth of "Holy Russia." This myth upheld Russia as higher than Byzantium and all Europe. This primacy was not because of her deeds, but because she had understood, as Cherniavsky states, "how holy and immutable was the law of justice and truth, how indissoluble the idea of mercy and

the conception of the Christian society and how precious the blood of man to God and to human justice." Russia was holy because, with a humble heart and with childish simplicity, she had accepted the Word of God. It was now her sacred duty to safeguard the holy brotherhood of peoples, the richness of faith, truth and love. Khomiakov even went so far as to separate "Holy Russia" from the Russian state and empire, thereby explaining the evil in Russian life as a result of the intrusions of the government on a patient and humble Christian people. In fact, he viewed the misery found in Russian life as one of the strongest proofs of the holiness of Russia. Thus, he established a distinct dualism between the patiently suffering people, and the gentry, who had become divorced from the true spirit of Russia. If Russia were ever to become completely holy, Khomiakov warned that the gentry would have to return to embrace the true spirit of the people, which, under Peter the Great's leadership, they had forsaken.

"The People"

It was in connection with "the people" that the Slavophiles developed their philosophy of men. The "people" meant the peasants, who had preserved the essence of Christianity by their embracing of the "land" or "zemlia." Their view of the peasantry contains Christian, patristic, and romantic elements. To the Slavophiles "the people" were the only true Christians, simple and humble, whose very communal way of life was based on the spirit of love. The people were opposed to luxury, but possessed a great artistic sense and a vivid imagination. The Slavophiles admitted only one flaw in the peasant character, that is, his laziness.

Tomasic, however, presents a more realistic image of the people, whom the Slavophiles and later intellectuals tended to over-idealize. He points out that because of the severe patriarchal organization of Russian society, the peasant was often caught between fear and a sense of helplessness. An old Russian proverb, "Everything is in the power of God and the

tsar," crystalizes their sense of impotency. The peasant became distrustful of all, even the lowest, figures of authority. Deserted by heaven and oppressed by earthly powers, they took as their adage that "no evil comes from a dead man and no good from a living one."

It is even more ironic that while the Slavophiles championed the peasants as true Christians, these peasants were becoming more and more disillusioned, throughout the nineteenth century, with the very vicars of Christ among them. As their economic situation continued to decline, especially after the emancipation, it became an increasing burden for the peasant to support his local priest. The priests, on the other hand, often tried to squeeze as much out of the peasants as they could. Accordingly, "to have a priest's eye is to covet everything!"

The Slavophiles were also staunch champions of the peasant "mirs." Regarding them as organic to the Russian way of life, they believed them to have been the original structure of economic life within Russia — a family of mirs under the patriarchal tsar. Repudiating the Western bourgeois capitalist civilization, with its Roman law and its strong ideas of private property, they idealized the Russian mir, founded on obedience, mutual respect and Christian love. Each member of the mir was an organic part of his community. Only in such communal living, the Slavophiles proclaimed, could men develop the human qualities of love, charity, and self-sacrifice. Indeed Berdiaev calls their reverence for the commune "apocalyptic," for in the mir the Slavophiles saw the "other" world directly transplanted to this one.

In their idealization of the peasant way of life and virtues, the Slavophiles began the process of "going to the people" which was to become so prevalent among the intellectuals of the 1870's. By their affirmation of the Russian peasant, they engendered a positive sense of hope in "the people" which would play an important role for other Russian intellectuals. Herzen, the father of Russian socialism, though he eventually broke with the Slavophile line of thought, retained this

faith in the people of Russia. With the Slavophiles, he optimistically felt that "at heart we are one, and our heart throbs equally for our minor brother, the peasant, with whom our mother country is pregnant."

Berdiaev points to the fact that Russia had no age of chivalry in explaining why the Russian mind is so prone to surrender personality to the power of collectiveness. Likewise, he sees the Slavophile championing of the people as evidence of the persistent gap that existed between the intelligentsia and the people throughout the nineteenth century. Berdiaev believes that it is characteristic of Russian genius not to be able to bear the lofty heights of its ideas alone. The Slavophiles, he finds, were prone to this national weakness. They too, ended by surrendering to an over-idealization of the peasant, not having the strength to defend their truth as a national truth, common to all.

For the Slavophiles, the peasant attitude toward the tsar exhibited another facet of their simple Christian spirit. Condemning any efforts to involve the people in governmental affairs, they believed that the peasant was apolitical. They pointed to the ancient Russian myth of Rurik the Varangian and the peaceful establishment of the Russian state as proof that the people had only desired to be left to the freedom of their "inner life," freed from the burdens of power. For the Slavophiles, this peaceful settlement of Russia contrasted with the processes of subjugation and conquest which had built up the nations of the West. Furthermore, the Slavophiles stressed that in the eyes of the people, the tsar was not ambitious or power-mad, but a kind of Russian Christ who had agreed to bear the awful burden of power for his people and to be their "kindly little father."

The State

Thus, the Slavophiles treated the state as an evil which could not be avoided. Miliukov points out that their idea of the state was somewhat akin to the concept of "the flesh" in Greek philosophy and Christian morals. They were not, however, hostile to the autocracy, nor did they wish to force any formal guarantee of the will of the people or any

other means of control on the power of the tsar. Aksakov urged a state which attributed . . . to the government, the unlimited freedom of rule, which is its exclusive possession; to the people, the full freedom of both the external and internal life, which the government safeguards. To the government, the right of action, and consequently of law; to the people, the right of opinion and consequently of free speech.

Blocking this free relationship between the tsar and his people was the bureaucracy, Peter's child. With this in mind, Khomiakov introduced a fundamental distinction between the "narod" (the people) and the state. He found that both were set in opposition to each other. Until Peter's time, the tsar had been in harmony with his people, advised of their opinions through the zemskii sobors, but this harmony had been disrupted.

The Slavophiles looked forward to the time when the dualism which Peter had introduced would pass, and the upper classes would be organically absorbed by the great Russian commune. It was not out of anarchic principles, as many historians have claimed, but out of a sincere devotion to the establishment of a true Christian Utopia in which there would be no need for the state, that the Slavophiles urged the absorption of the state by the Church. The mir should become the necessary unit of social organization. However, they did not propose a theocracy, which they felt to be just another rationalistic proposition of the West, but a lay state based on the Christian principles of the mir.

Slavophile philosophy itself having been examined, it is important to consider its impact on Russia. While Karpovitch denies that either the Slavophiles or Herzen had much lasting influence on pre-revolutionary socialist doctrines, it is clear that the socialists were, like the Slavophiles, drawn to "the people" and their communes. Like Dostoievsky and Tolstoi, the Slavophiles believed that the people possessed the essence of religious truth. The anti-religious socialists like Herzen and Bakunin, on the other hand, believed that the people possessed the social truth.

Ironically, the nihilism of the second half of the nineteenth century is related to Slavophilism. The nihilist fever, at first glance, seems to be completely opposed to the cur-

rent of Slavophile thought. While the one was oriented toward Orthodoxy, the other became "asceticism turned inside out." Berdiaev believes, however, that the basis of nihilism was the Orthodox rejection of the world. Like the Slavophiles, whom they would never have acknowledged, the nihilists had a sincere desire to emancipate mankind from suffering. From their gentry circles, the Slavophiles looked for the full realization of an Orthodox society. The nihilists, on the other hand, scorned art, religion, metaphysics, all that the Slavophiles held dear, so that they could devote themselves completely to aiding suffering humanity.

While it is true that the Slavophiles inspired the Pan-Slavic movement, this fact has often been confused with direct involvement. They professed a love for their fellow Slavs, but it was I. Aksakov's belief that Pan-Slavism was really impossible because of the lack of religious unity among Slavic peoples. Too many of them, he told Nicholas I, had already been contaminated by Western liberalism.

Pan-Slavism, it will be admitted, was but a practical extension of the basic tenets of Slavophilism, which maintained the decadence of the West and the inherent purity of the Orthodox Slavs. But the Slavophile emphasis on inner justice and freedom, though enabling the Pan-Slavists to idealize the virtues of all the Slavs, led to an inevitable breach between their advocated ideals and the means which they deemed necessary to induce this universal Slavdom. Pan-Slavism, as an aggressive policy, did not fully assert itself until the reign of Alexander II. Then it became an official government policy directed, not by Slavophiles, but by reactionary chauvinists.

Riasonovsky believes that Dostoievsky developed some of the basic Slavophile themes in his attitude toward life. He believed in the supreme value of man's soul. In a messianic vein similar to Slavophile principles, he awaited the coming triumph of true Christian ideals on earth. Like the Slavophiles, he hoped that the state would be transformed by true faith. Berdiaev pointed out that Dostoievsky's whole philosophy and theology

were centered on his high estimation of man's spiritual freedom. It was this freedom which made man just a step lower than the angels. Through the major characters of his works Dostoievsky was constantly trying to probe the limits of this freedom. The Slavophiles, too, in their concept of the "sobornost," the inner freedom gained from communal faith and love, made an attempt to understand wherein man's freedom existed.

But still, why should history pay more than a passing glance at the Slavophiles? Concretely, they did much toward making Russia conscious of a worthy past and of a future to which she could fruitfully contribute. They championed freedom of the spirit, and therefore of speech and of the press, in their works. Samarin did much toward the emancipation of serfs.

In line with their attitude toward Russian Orthodoxy and the Russian peasant, they looked forward to the establishment of a truly Christian Utopia. One should not disregard their thought merely because, as romantic idealists, they did not labor directly to establish the "Kingdom of God" on earth. This, they felt, would occur with the progress of history.

Finally, the impact of Slavophile thought on the intellectual history of the nineteenth century was incisive, though diverse. Socialists, such as Herzen, and anarchists, such as Bakunin, shared the Slavophile belief in the virtues and ultimate destiny of the peasant mirs. The Pan-Slavs, however, while praising the virtues of the mir, looked to a Russia whose moral supremacy could eventually effect a united Slavdom. Yet, of those who directly affected the course of Russian history in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, none really adhered to the very heart of Slavophilism — the hope for a truly Christian Orthodox nation. Only Soloviev and Dostoievsky, two of the most outstanding thinkers of the period, placed as much of their hope for a new society in the Christian spirit of man as did the Slavophiles. But in so far as Slavophile ideology reflects much that is characteristic of the Russian mind, despite the influences of German idealism, it is worth historical attention.



To Conjure Violets

MARYLINDA POULE, '70

I sat there today and listened to goals and dreams being bantered about; complex and tumultuous decisions weighed in the heady, ethereal air of naive confidence. I thought of Prufrock's love song — "In the room the women come and go / Talking of Michelangelo." I thought of myself.

It had never struck me before that this idealistic babbling exchanged during swift and infrequent minutes over coffee or a coke, would someday have no great significance and would be bartered for and replaced by complacent, pragmatic rules for endurance. It provoked me to realize that all my resolutions about a "mature, cooperative relationship, mingled with arduous love and its resulting products," would melt into one clinical institution — marriage. Rhetoric collected itself within my thoughts and I decided to resent my friends' "glittering generalities," — I decided to resent myself.

My anger sprang from an almost assured notion I have that I will be an apathetic adult — too pre-occupied and burdened with that fatality, "responsibility," to acknowledge promises I revel in today. What will I say when my daughter accosts my values with a belligerent, lashing barrage? Will I have enough competency and involvement to unmask the skepticism and insure the solidity she is testing for?

When a cartoon character asks his companion what comes between the polarities of love and hate, the reply is "calculated insincerity." Perhaps this is what my judgments and actions will be grounded on — this three-party, emotional split as a basis for all delineations, objections, and assents I will ascribe to. It isn't cynicism that leads me to this; rather, it is pure observation. Watch a child receiving medical aid for a genuine hurt. He knows well both his anguish and his need for consolation. Then listen to the "pat" response: "It doesn't hurt." There was no sensibility behind that utterance, no contemplation — just insincerity, prompted by apathy. My indignation stems from this — that possibly *my* concern will slacken to a polite rise-to-the-occasion.

Will "time tell?" Is "experience the best teacher?" Does "long threatening come at last?" Are these truisms requisite for entrance into the "real" world? *Is* the real world this one of deals, bargains, and short changes? Will I accept it as such? Or will I stolidly engender a slight scorn for the neon, synthetic organization-men of our society who only reckon with incomes and who write off any outcomes?

I sat there today, apart, listening to this vertigo of Utopian thought, and I became perturbed. Being saturated with Gibran and

Rod McKuen will, in all likelihood, become a parched remnant of my fantasy, support to my stronghold of dreams, without tangible footing in a diluted world. The brimming, toxic connotation of love, beauty, solitude, and contemplation — words kindred to spring, violets and misty woods — this, turned to the insipid, is what I hold in reproach. In twenty years, I can almost ascertain the improbability of a mesmerized turn through misty woods amid the frenzied schedule of daily events. How relevant will the springtime be for me, except as relief from the inclemency of winter? I can't conjure violets for my almost predestined future, except as Emily Dickinson's "amethyst remembrance."

I sat there today following the intricate weave of minds. I watched them being seduced by the fraudulent heraldry of a wistful youth. I wanted to call them fools but I cherished them too much to risk misunder-

standing. So I thought them fools and I resented their absurdities. They won't preserve their thoughts on the essence of fulfillment, their meditative dialogues on a truly Christian life, or their emphatic insistence on creating perceptive individualistic progeny. They will be too enthralled in the momentary means of gratification, too immersed in a bigoted illusion of tolerance, and too absorbed in their child's disinclination for sports, to recall.

I was piqued at their casual confidence — they had no insight into the futility of their goals; they didn't realize that incompetency is inherited and becomes more apparent with maturity. I sat there today and resented their naivete. As I listened to the "glittering generalities" I held in reproach, I could not help noticing the stirring inside me. I started to resent it, but, curiously, it felt rather cordial.

Projection

*when you return,
all-saffron
bump't,
from stolen Proserpina's breath
and when the lute,
Orphean —
strummed,
re-sings lamenting of his love
and when Zephyr
creating
Dust
moves crawling from the southern sphere
when you return,
Tyre-shell
marked
recalled forth from non-Being, then,
I, Bodsidharth'
from underneath this
tree,
now know
know Be.*

SALLYANN GIACOSANZIO, '70

The Ark

ELAINE CARROLL, '68

CHARACTERS: *Noah, Helen, his wife and Sam, their eighteen-year-old son.*

SETTING: *It is evening. The action takes place in the living room of Noah's house. The stage is dark and bare and the focal area small and compressed with wooden platforms of different levels. Three straight, wooden chairs form an L. Beside one there is a table with a Bible on it. There is a window with drapes behind the chairs. Entrances and exits are indicated by lighting rather than physical movement. Outside it is raining. Noah enters. He has just arrived home from work.*

NOAH: Miserable, miserable weather!
Just here from the driveway
And drenched!
Never seen it rain so hard, so solid.

Seems more like forty days instead of two.
At least I'm safe now
And you, God, have your reasons
To pour upon the poundage of men's sins.
Pour, oh good! And thunder even more!
Thrash wrathful all you like —
Out there
On them,
On every Northern Central Bank employee,
Especially on Miss Blackstone,
That total incompetent
With whom I must bear patiently.
They send them all, all,
All
To me —
The ones that count all crooked, God,
And fail to see the beauty
Of a well-balanced account.
How good to be away from there,
Everywhere,
And here instead

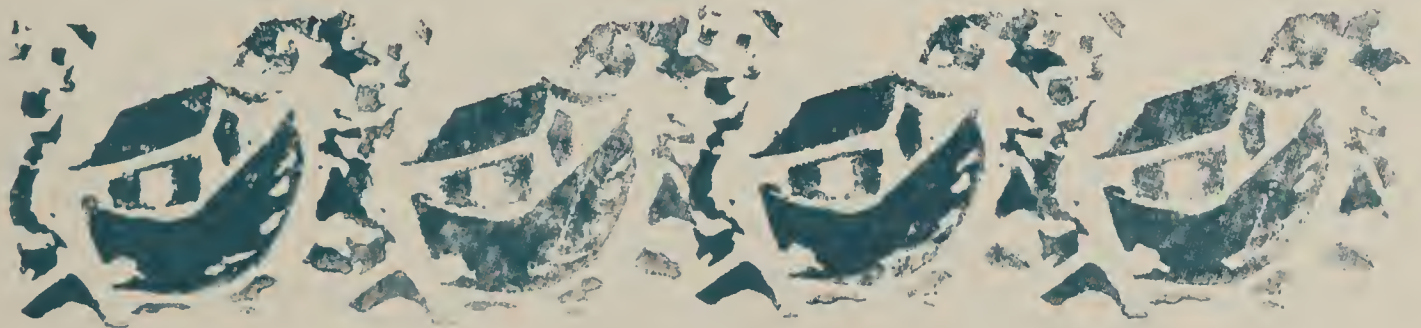


Illustration by Susan Ariansen, '69

Where closeness wraps around
 And keeps the winding howl
 Far from our ears.
(He takes off raincoat)
 Now! Just to drip this dry —
 Good luck! I'm not soaked through the skin —
 And seal this torrent total out *(He shuts the window.)*
 And seal me total in.
(A voice is heard from the distance.)
 HELEN: Yes?
 You speaking to me Noah?
 NOAH: Not quite, not quite.
(Helen enters.)
 HELEN: But then . . . I'm sure . . .
 I could have sworn that . . .
 NOAH: Never swear, Helen.
 Not you who know so well
 Those fiery words to Moses on the mountain.
 You shall not take the Lord's own name in vain.
 HELEN: Why dear, how can you be so literal?
 And seriously too?
 A mere figure of speech —
 And then, to hear you talk,
 You'd think I had blasphemed myself
 Unto mine own damnation!
 NOAH: I did not mean to anger you,
 But to help.
 HELEN: And oh how well I know that help!
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from Noah
 Each evening at eight
 As you sit down to ruminate
 Upon the daily news.
 So snugly, smugly molded
 In that chair,
 You can measure us up against perfection,
 Pinpoint each frailty's correction
 In standard Biblicalities
 Lofty and sonorous,
 With the O's stretched out
 From Genesis to Judgment Day.
(She turns to audience.)
 I do believe he means well —
 But oh my God, you can exasperate!
 NOAH: I am sorry to have upset you so.
 Perhaps I was mistaken
 To have mentioned it at all.
 And yet I sometimes fear that if

For but a twist of time
 We waver in our virtue,
 Then we would slide unceasingly
 Till far from the strength and comfort
 of the Providence surrounding
 We shiver, bone-deep, in the storm.
 HELEN: Oh strictly speaking, you are right.
 For much we should thank the Lord
 And gladly bear responsibilities
 For living Christianly
 And witness to the world
 Another world.
 But Noah,
 This being so right,
 So exemplar,
 So terribly pedestaled
 Scrapes me off from so much of existence
 And stifles me tight in its girth.
(She goes to the window and opens it.)
 And scrapes me off from so much of
 Myself
 That I feel like a half-cup of sugar
 When the recipe calls for a full.
 NOAH: This is all quite rambling nonsense
 And a skein I won't try to unravel.
 Please close the window.
 It's torrential out there
 And you'll certainly catch your death.
 HELEN: Oh no.
 The breeze is clean-breathing
 And it was so stuffy in here.
 Besides, it can air out our argument.
 NOAH: We never argue, we discuss.
 Please close it — I dislike the noise.
 HELEN: But it's all so vital
 In its wild, wet streakings.
 And do you know the most invigorating thing?
 NOAH: No.
 What is the most invigorating thing?
 HELEN: There is a person
 Running down the storm
 And whistling clean.
 There is a person living in the rain.
 A really person!
 Quite indecorous,
 Quite full-cup.
(Helen exits.)
 NOAH: Helen, that window!
 Helen?
(He turns around and sees that she has left.)

He gets up from the chair and closes both the window and the drapes, then settles back in his chair.)

Can't stand a draft!

(Noah ponders the newspaper for a few moments, then looks up wonderingly.)

"Measure us up against perfection?"

Pass judgement on the world at large?

Me?

Ridiculous!

What have I to do with that world?

Love it not a paperclip's worth —

And as for judging,

God's already seen to that —

Seen to the pith-evil of creation

And so, in mercy, furnished a salvation

For the chosen.

Always he marks a sanctuary —

A holding-place against the gale.

Steady it stays

And far apart.

(Sam enters. He walks around energetically while Noah remains seated.)

SAM: Hey Dad-Father-Pater!

Can I have the car?

NOAH: Have you eaten supper?

SAM: Can I have the car?

Of course I've not had supper.

Sworn off the stuff —

Bad for the gums.

Besides, I haven't *time*, you know?

For trivia.

NOAH: Trivia!

Insult your mother's cooking now!

Fine, fine.

SAM: Not at all,

But when all life is one small step

Across the threshold,

I cannot bide over a pot of hot potatoes.

I've got to be there. See?

NOAH: Where is this "there?"

Where the proverbial Action is?

SAM: Yea. Where *any* action is.

I mean, what's life

But action?

A constant ticking of

I am, I am, I am.

Clockwork —

In a changing context.

NOAH: You seem to have found time

To formulate philosophy,

Reduce infinity

And, all in all, solve the mystery of life in a tick-tock.

But when will you learn the vital things,

The flame-truths of faith?

SAM: Well, we seem to have sidetracked a bit.

The car was the object in question.

NOAH: I'm afraid this is no night for driving.

Road's wild enough

When conditions are normal

Never mind when they're inside out.

You'd auction your life off out there —

Brimstone weather, it is.

Stay.

We three could spend the evening . . .

It's safer here and tight,

Well-seamed against the storm.

Oh it's a sturdy bark I built!

Stay . . .

SAM: Well yes,

But I really did promise . . .

NOAH: Promised?

SAM: You mind.

I didn't know you'd worry.

Danger's not so bad,

In fact, it's core.

Between every tick

Lies the risk

Of non-tick.

Hey, why not see what Mom thinks,

Then decide.

NOAH: See what she thinks — then decide!

Do I need permission

To form my opinions?

Perhaps consultation

To temper me to tepidity!

(He pauses to get control of himself.)

Patience!

Charity, peace — patience!

Patience.

Yes, patience is a virtue possessed by very few,

And blessed are the patient

For they shall inherit the earth.

(He turns to Sam again.)

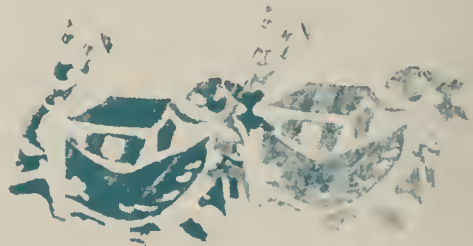
But, how good of you to condescend

To offer *me* a second chance

To offer *you* the car!

SAM: Bravo! But really,
 You strain the fiber of credibility!
 So quick
 To prick the operational insides of
 Capital E, Everybody.
 Sharp!
 Noah the Penetrant —
 That's you.
 NOAH: And that's sarcasm enough.
 SAM: You caught that fine tonal shading?
 I thought all was monochrome to you.
(Helen appears at the edge of the room.)
 HELEN: Supper's on.
 Are you stale with the waiting, Noah?
(She pauses and takes in the situation.)
 You've been fighting again.
 SAM: We never argue,
 We discuss.
 NOAH: Oh that does sound familiar.
 But now the ear awaits
 A ringing-true —
 We do
 Argue.
 God forgive our desecration.
 SAM: What?
 This is indeed
 A moment of grace
 And heavenly intervention.
 You admit we are not perfect —
 Yet.
 In fact, in very fact,
 We sin!
 Glorious Angel Anger,
 Life draught long-stifled
 Splinter the mold of self-deceit.
 NOAH: Your words are abomination
 To this house
 And your defiance stings
 With a salt-tipped tongue.
 I must love my enemy,
 But must I love my enemy, my son?
 HELEN: Stop
 Or you'll both boil over
 And ruin the shine on my floor.
(She turns to Noah.)
 You don't mean what you're saying,
 And you Sam — just as bad,
 In your antagonism.
 Make peace,
 As night with day

In duskiness,
 Or March with May
 In April compromise.
 NOAH: Uplifting counsel, Helen,
 But quite unnecessary.
 You see?
 I have removed the bitter thorn
 From my heart.
 Take the car —
 The keys are in my left coat pocket
 Still damp, no doubt,
 With rain and cold soul sweat.
 SAM: Thanks.
(He runs to the raincoat and gets keys.)
 I've got them
 And I'm off across the threshold now.
 NOAH: At least be careful.
 And don't hold me responsible,
 Don't say I didn't warn you
 Of the wind-lashing outside.
 I tried to weathercock,
 I pointed the direction
 But you refused to look.
 Now go,
 Gauge the world yourself.



(Sam exits. Noah and Helen are alone in the living room.)
 HELEN: I'm glad you've let him go —
 Prohibiting's no good.
 After a point, one crumples up
 And dies of suffocation.
 Did you see how eagerly
 He went off for the keys —
 Keys of Life,
 And all he had to do
 Was dig them from a pocket
 And pick them clean of lint.
 NOAH: I noticed,
 And he worries me.
 HELEN: Oh, sssh.
 He'll find an anchor

And sink it deep and slow.
(Helen picks up the paper.)
 Finished with this section?
 NOAH: Which?
 HELEN: 'Help Wanted, Sports and
 Classified.'
 NOAH: Yes, very dull.
 But what's this sudden interest in sports?
 HELEN: Well, the way it's raining now
 I plan to swim the channel
 Between back porch and garage
 Tomorrow morning early.
 They predict a choppy crossing.
 NOAH: Quite good,
 But seriously.
 HELEN: Oh, I thought I might
 Page through 'Help Wanted.'
 NOAH: *(Innocently)*
 Need some help around the house?
 Getting too much for you dear?
 Wait till I speak to that son of . . .
 Never lifts an index finger,
 Never mind a hand.
 No time for such trivia, I suppose.
 HELEN: No, no, no.
 One moment please.
 I meant a job for *me*.
 Now Sam's quite grown
 There's really no good reason . . .
 It would be different
 Going out and . . .
 NOAH: I will not have you working
 While I can provide.
 HELEN: Oh Noah!
*(She goes to the window, raises it slightly
 and breathes the air.)*
 Mmm! I smell snapdragons
 Tangy with pure spice
 And earth, oozing black
 With mineral oil,
 And oak leaves
 Crisp and wet as lettuce . . .
 NOAH: Helen, please.
 It's not my ego that prevents you —
 That would be shallow as a saucer.
 Not what I think
 But what I know —
 Is right.
 You're needed here —
 Hearthside.

You reign in the household,
 A domain absolute and complete.
 A wife does not belong out there,
 Pushing, clawing.
 HELEN: Don't be melodramatic.
 You're quoting from textbooks
 With parchment pages,
 Dried-yellow and cracked
 Like November.
 Your whole *world* is as old as November,
 And lonelier.
 Aren't we antediluvian?
 NOAH: I won't stand for this!
 Wives are subject to their husbands!
 You're all *at me*
 At what I believe,
 God's own Word
 Inspired.
 Oh Lord help your servant.
 You're all at me
 Till there's not a slice of peace
 Left anywhere,
 Not one strand of cocoon.
 What's home now?
 Just non-home, personalized.
 Here was safe and warm —
 I built it
 Up against the wailing
 And the gnashing of teeth.
 Light against darkness,
 Silence against clamor. -
 HELEN: Yes, and isolation, stagnation,
 Ark against storm,
 Noah and Company against the world!
(She pauses.)
 Oh darling,
 How can I help?
 NOAH: Shut that window
 And keep it shut.
 I can't stand a draft.
 HELEN: No. God help us.
 Noah, look with a round,
 An open eye.
 NOAH: I look only at truth.
 You tempt me with your burden
 Of false witness.
 HELEN: *(She goes for her coat.)*
 I have to go out.
 For a walk — long,
 Long and far.

NOAH: It's raining.
 HELEN: I know.
 NOAH: You'll get wet.
 HELEN: I know.
 NOAH: I'm not going with you.
 HELEN: I know.
(Helen exits. Noah realizes she has gone and begins to pace back and forth. He picks up paper, then puts it down.)
 NOAH: Look with a round,
 An open eye —
 I've tried, oh God,
 But they *would* not.
 A sole voice crying out
 Salvation
 Trailing itself through the wind's moan
 Unheeded.
 They flounder on the waves' crest
 Crash soon on the rocks' spine-granite
 Splinter
 And filter down
 To a water grave.
 I could not keep them
 And they cannot survive.
(Sam enters. Noah runs over to him with joy.)
 You've come! Praise God.
 Oh Noah, ye of little faith!
 SAM: What's wrong?
 What absolute calamity?
 NOAH: Your mother.
 She's gone for a walk.
 Find her.
 SAM: Hey, what has happened?
 NOAH: Your mother's gone out for a walk.
 Go out and bring her back
 Before,
 Before . . .
 It all caves in.
 SAM: Stop trying to spin the pattern
 Of our lives.
 The yarn tangles and tangles to a choke,
 But then cuts free.
 Go out yourself.
 NOAH: I can't. I can't!
 I can't risk it!
 SAM: No, you can't risk anything.
 You draw us, two by two, even-pacing
 Into your ark,
 Built to specifications —

Close and safe and dark.
 No risk
 Every thing infallible,
 According to Scripture, according to Noah.
 But we're not coming!
 You can sit in eternal brood alone,
 Not for forty days —
 Forever,
 Alone on a dry, dry sea.
 NOAH: But there's reason!
 That life crumbles,
 Man-husks wallow in sin
 And God will
 Strike
 Them down.
 "He said: I will destroy man
 Whom I have created,
 For it repenteth me
 That I have made him."
 SAM: "But Noah found grace before the
 Lord."
 You taught the Bible well.
 NOAH: A covenant. Join!
 A faith.
 SAM: I have a faith, wide and golden.
(Sam exits and Noah is left alone. He sits on the chair and reaches for the Bible on the table beside him.)
 NOAH: Lord, do not desert me
 I place my trust in you.
 My bones rack with aching,
 My tongue thickens with pain
 And nerves grow raw with itching.
(Noah opens Bible and begins to read, frantically searching.)
 . . . "Build thee an ark of timber planks,
 Thou shalt make little rooms . . ."
 Oh thank you!
 . . . "And Noah did all which the Lord
 commanded . . ."
 Yes!
 . . . "And the ark was carried upon the
 waters . . ."
 Oh! *(He sighs in relief.)*
 . . . "And Noah only remained
 And they that were with him in the ark."
(He becomes fearful, looks around realizing his isolation.)
 "And they that were with him in the ark . . ."
 "And Noah only remained . . .".

Eileen

PATRICIA HEROLD, '70

The first time I saw Eileen dance was at our Christmas program in seventh grade. I remember because Sister wouldn't let her wear a peasant blouse with a bare midriff. All of a sudden we were old.

Last month it was seven years from seventh grade. But when Eileen bundled to the door with her old brown suitcase and a knitting bag filled with three boxes of toe shoes, I couldn't help remembering her pirouettes at the far end of the basketball court.

Eileen had always wanted to be a dancer, so when she told me she was leaving college to go to New York it didn't come as much of a shock. It was more like the end of the world . . . The end of the world after the six o'clock news man chuckles, "Well folks, according to the seventh century prediction of Friar Ferdinand, tomorrow will be the end of the world." Eileen. Fair and fine-boned. Pink in a gray city. "Eileena, could you help me here for a minute?" I could hear her father smiling her name to her.

She sat on the sofa, her excitement flickering behind brown, almond eyes. "I've given it a lot of thought . . . my dancing instructors at school . . . to get into a company . . . have to get started now . . ." She went on in the soft, rarely heard voice. A listener, she was given to long lapses of remote concentration in class, and then instant, animated expression in defense of a Thoreau or the rhymes of Longfellow when he was suffering from Carl Sandburg. Someone on the yearbook staff called her a ferocious kitten.

It was a drizzly night. We persuaded Eileen to let us drive her into the city. New York, to the two of us, had always been a wonderful

place to skip school for — to perch in the last row of the ballet or amble through museums. We could always convince ourselves that some things were just more important than school. But tonight Ray took the wrong ramp. We missed the skyline; and the tunnel seemed to be sucking up cars.

The YWCA was on Lexington and 37th. It managed to blend with the rows of proper brownstones, but the lobby was like a lone telephone booth on a cold night on a highway. Dim yellow lights and a chill aching in your legs.

Eileen's room was on the tenth floor. She told me not to mention that to her mother. Her mother worried about fires. The room was musty, small, and blue, with a sink. Eileen laughed and called it pre-Pavlova. From the window you could see a thousand other windows and one dark sky.

On the way home we felt bad about leaving Eileen there. John and Ray worried about the shady people in the lobby. Ray is an English major at Notre Dame. He said Eileen was like Beatrice compared to the rest of the girls there. Divine Revelation.

Half way home we figured out what the problem was. It was us. Eileen was bigger, older, better, and braver than all of us. We would go back to school and study and go to football games. Rah. We would probably even forget this night. Well, the least we can do is write to her. Let her know we're in there for her.

That was a month ago. I haven't heard from Eileen but I had a card from Ray. He says the team looks pretty good this year.

fourth dimension introspection

crystal
cubes
make
more
light.
I know —
I held one to my eye
and saw
six suns
(with yellow poles,
trying to poke each other).
it must
be terribly difficult to
live
in a cube world,
people there would be
hexagoned
and if they do
One
Thing
Wrong
why, they have committed six sins!
and if they try to hide,
there's always Some Little Corner
where a foot
or a finger,
perhaps,
would protrude just enough
to be noticed.
I don't care
if I ever live in a crystal cube . . .
but —
they do make
more
light.

NANCY BRADY, '71

Hourglass

SISTER MARY DAVID, S.N.D., '68

6 a.m.

my cock cries out morning has crimsoned
now goldens the alived world with welcome
shout,
comes bursting its color and crowing it, o
greens, bright greens, sing out
and tell the world alived
the full hoped sight is new again
leap the song beyond begin, begin now
prism'd now strong risen white



9 a.m.

two old men
set to play checkers on the wooden bench
bent over to balance two
stones as their king
sitting frozen-concentrate still as
people hurry by
brother and sister of six and eight
one balloon scapes the hand and
yellows the up-sky-up,
before tears come
eight gives six the other
stringed
 winged
 delightful



12 midday

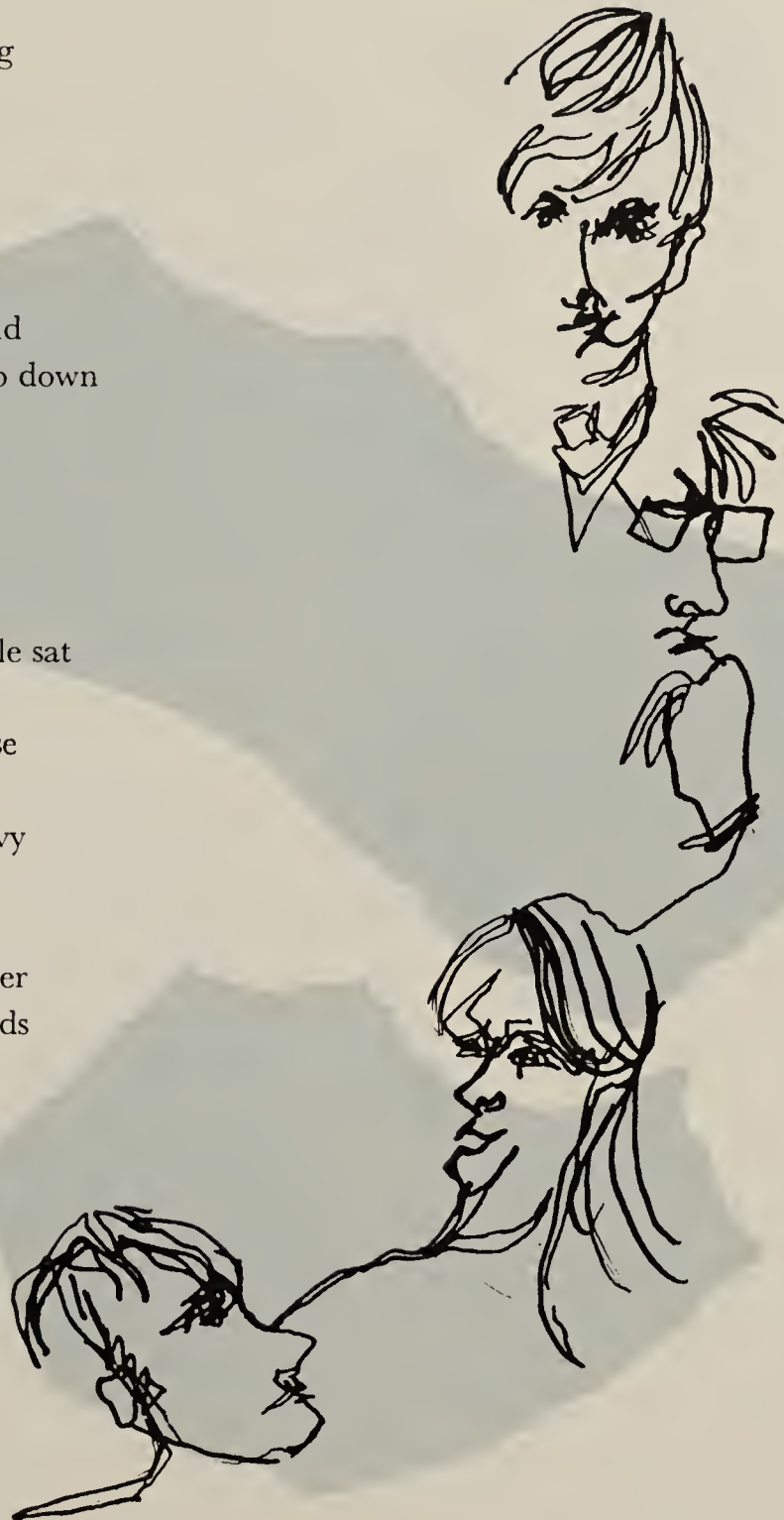
wake up the drowning sailor
with promises of thunderless light
even as stormed clouds march
toward the day's glory dug in
for the coming helpless fight
grab the plank, hold on, hold,
hope, choke the lightening air
the sun struggle-free
now up now up and now under
corpse and star lie darkly

3 p.m.

it seemed as long a wait
from beginning to beginning
as from end to end
when sun held back our rest
while we all went on
and round us hour by
day by week went on
still the hope to reach an end
and beat the stiffened sun to down

6 p.m.

I remember around the table sat
four only people
eating April - slowly because
no one wanted to go
chalk talk made the air heavy
lungs cry for cold and even
cutting fresh, then
somehow with duststorm over
everything cleaned and words
went jump across
and eating and drinking
together were more than an
every evening meal



9 p.m.

after
the
fighting day
the
failed words
the
fractured tries
end tiptoes in the front door
while he, head in hands, unhopes
no jump into tomorrow
window bright
but a wait
no step into peace tonight
just an abate
but then the tomorrow
when all will be done
with



Artist

When Vincent was young he cut off his ear.
He did it from remorse.
He painted with love,
He signed his paintings
"Vincent" and sat back and
Laughed (he laughed when
he was committed at Arles).
He laughed at the people with
Staring eyes who peered at him
Through their confusion, and he
Painted red dots, a sinner's halo,
Around his face in "Portrait of
The Artist, 1887."
(Vincent did all kinds of
unexpected things. He glowed
from within; his painted
peasants just glowed).
In 1890 Dr. Gachet leaned a blue-clothed
Arm on a red-topped table.
Vincent saw him and painted.
The doctor wore sad eyes and
Brown solid hands but his
Cap danced on his head (Vincent
loved the doctor — his friend).
Red roofs and yellow houses
Breathed and moved in swirling landscapes.
Vincent grew bolder, he wrote
To his brother, Theo, and smiled.
Soon after, at night in the folds
Of the fields at Auvers where he
Stayed with Gachet, Vincent lay dead.
At The Hague, where his largest
Collection of canvasses hangs,
Staring eyes still question, "Why?"
"You know, he was insane.
He maimed and shot himself!"
Vincent drew lines in the sky
And circled each face and
Distorted the hands and the feet.
Yes, he was insane,
And knew why.

JANICE M. WALSH, '68

A Modest Proposal

CAROL MURPHY, '69

Formerly, I had some Wordsworthian notion that if I should tranquilly recollect my past "love experiences," the emotion resolved therefrom would dissolve into pure poetry, eliciting sighs and tears from the reader. However, recently having essayed deep, tranquil, recollections, I have found by the written result that I sufficiently lack the skill and wherewithal to be a poet. I have cast aside my poetic intentions and have turned toward more practical pursuits. My intentions are somewhat honorable. With greatest concern for the interest of my reader, I propose to set down in prose a number of "love experiences" which, if the reader is honest, will serve some pedantic purpose for the next time he falls hopelessly in love. I profess in the sincerity of my heart that this necessary work is for the reader's own good.

CHAPTER I

The author giveth some account of herself and family; her first inducements to date.

My father, being of average means, owned a small ranch home in Worcestershire. He sent me to Emmanuel College near Cambridge at seventeen years old, where I resided four years and conscientiously applied myself to my studies. However, freshman year, after seven months of great uneasiness, I struggled to find what was missing in my college life. Being advised to alter my condition by spending my leisure hours in learning dispositions of the opposite sex, I journeyed home to convince my father of the wisdom of the suggestion. It would not be proper for some

reasons to trouble the reader with the particulars of our conversation. Let it suffice to inform him that father, being of no mind to consent to the proposal, broke into violent rage. Scared and confounded as I was, I cried as loudly as fear would make me, whereupon father grew weak and consented.

CHAPTER II

The author meets Squire A; gains favor by mild disposition; attainment of author's freedom.

Upon returning to college, I was recommended by my good advisor to some few prospects. On the appointed evening, I met Squire A and being of strength greatly reduced, having not eaten for some hours, I proposed we eat out. We proceeded to Newbury Street and alighted at an inn. As he sat at the table quietly meditating, I amused myself by computing his altitude. He was seven foot high and appeared as tall as a steeple spire. It was with extreme difficulty that I saw his face for as the reader may have apprehended, I, totally overcome by nervousness, had left my glasses behind. This I conceived to be the least of my misfortunes, the greater being the compensation of an acute auditory sense. However, I was resolved to shew no matter of concern with the noises which accompanied the business of eating. I was quite disposed to a pleasant mien, though I hardly was able to touch a morsel despite the demands of nature. When dinner was almost done, I, having managed to swallow

some water, choked immediately, as he, having swallowed water also, and perhaps being unaware that there was a scant amount left, unceasingly slurped.

When this adventure was at an end, I returned to my place of schooling and was greeted by well-meaning friends who surveyed my countenance with great interest. Imagine, courteous reader, how I wished then for the tongue of an orator, that might have enabled me to celebrate the wealth of this experience in a style equal to its virtue! When Squire A took fancy of seeing himself diverted from his studies in my company, he called on me again. However, I chose a most convincing excuse and related it quite properly, swerving only slightly from the truth. Now I was set at liberty for further adventures.

CHAPTER III

The author meets Squire B; Squire B loved by all; a great storm described; author by lucky accident sees Squire B nevermore.

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set about the task of waiting for Squire B's arrival. I shall not trouble the reader with a particular account of our first meeting. I shall only say that I had met him some weeks before at a concert of cultural substance.

Within an hour, Squire B came to visit. Being of course eager to win favor with the family, he came prepared with a number of gifts. After some discourse, the family quite approved of him. When I thought it prudent, I repaired to the kitchen to prepare victuals with some degree of perfection. After minutes, Squire B came to me directly and proposed that he be allowed to tend to the meal. I

assured him of my competence, but the family, being of amiable disposition that day, entreated me to allow him to prepare our meal. I could not tell whether I were more pleased or mortified. However, he professed to be an artist of cookery. He sent the family for necessities and started a substantial Italian dish. At five o'clock I was in a terrible fright and kept as far as I could from the said dish. The top had blown off and a mixture of grease and red tomato spots appeared on the walls, the ceiling, and me. All I ventured was to raise my eyes to the sun and place my hands in a supplicating posture, and to speak in a melancholy tone some words befitting the condition we were in. While waiting for the family to appear, I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears and turning my head from side to side to let the very noble Squire B see how agitated was I. I lamented my own folly in attempting a second adventure so soon after the first. The family finally appeared, having heard the explosion from next door. Looking at the disaster, they broke into convulsions of rage, and banished Squire B from the house, giving him ample time to pick up his belongings. I was never again bothered by Squire B.

Thus, gentle reader, I have given thee a minor portion of that faithful history of my "love experiences." I have not been so studious of ornament as of truth. I could have perhaps, as others have done, astonished thee with improbable tales of fantastic adventures, but I chose to relate plain matter of fact in the simplest manner possible because my principal design was to inform and to teach, not to amuse.

THE END



An Investigation

Into

Oral Ornithological Communication

MARY LUTI, '69

Marrilyn Mynah was busily preening her feathers when the young scientist entered the laboratory presently serving as her private quarters. He had several dishes piled up in one hand and little boxes and pouches protruding from his lab coat pockets.

"Silly's here again," she thought turning away from him with a scornful twist of the head. Would he ever go away and leave her alone? The daily visits he made were becoming just about the only real problems of her whole existence.

He approached the cage in a rather anti-septic way and began a routine which, after some two months, was pretty familiar: as he watered and fed her, he spoke softly, carefully, with what Marrilyn considered an affected tone of voice.

"MIT man," she observed shrewdly. But the respect she secretly held for the Institute and for all science in general did not prevent her from heartily disapproving his methods. She knew what he was up to and she thought it just a bit dishonest: the trainer feeds and cares for the subject — her, and she hated the word — speaking all the while the words he expects the bird to learn. She could remember his quoting the theory (found in the

Big Book by Roger Brown) to his assistant:

... the theory being that the bird would come to associate the sound of the trainer's voice with the pleasant experiences of food and water ...

Marrilyn snorted contemptuously. If they didn't do something to improve the food in that place, they would have to shoot that part of the theory. Pleasant experiences — harrumph!

... When the bird, in its random vocalization, produces sounds resembling those of the trainer, it will tend to repeat them because of their agreeable ... effect ...

"The ultimate," she concluded knowingly, "being that this silly cooing thing that feeds me expects to make *my* feeding depend upon *his* speech, and I only get fed when I talk."

The cunning of it all completely upset her sense of fair play. All the silly boy had to do, after all, was *ask* her if she knew how to speak. She'd answer candidly. *She* was a frank bird. But no, he had to resort to all sorts of sneaky methods (and such a young thing, too) to find out what she'd be glad to tell him in a half hour. Oh, well, it *is* for science, this finding out by devious methods whether or not birds speak and really have language.

And if there was one thing she respected, it was science, at least down deep. She had a lot of human feelings to overcome, whenever these things got a bit too close to home. Still, empirical investigations, documented evidence and scholarly statements impressed her no end and she usually took them as Bible. She could remember how her great-great-grandmother had told of the flurry over Mr. Darwin's findings, recalling with great pride the respect for science among the animals who eagerly accepted the new doctrine and then had to sit around for years while Brother Man decided it was good. And Marilyn was well informed. She knew what *she* knew, and what *men* knew about her and her kind. She knew it had already been proven, for example, that some animals do possess a certain type of referential language (she glowed inside using the linguistic terminology) by which they could vocalize and in some cases communicate certain concepts — an enemy's approach, the location of food and the existence of certain emotions — anger, fear. But what she knew they didn't know or appreciate was the animal's capacity to really move along in language, using it just about like anybody else, or better.

"Which is what I'm all involved in now with this young snip," she explained to herself. "I suppose I'll let him in on the secret at last. It's about time we animals stopped refusing to share our capacities with others, especially in this age of going out of oneself and giving and all. Any other attitude is simply pre-conciliar. What they've been able to gather from their puzzles and tests so far has been accurate, taking into account the unwillingness of the subjects tested (her mouth tasted funny as she thought the word) to divulge their full capacities. It's time to tell all — from the inside." The daring of it all shook her and she nearly fell off her perch.

But he was speaking to her now.

"Marrilyn, water. Water. Wa-ter. Wa-ter. Wa-a-a-a-ter. Water. Wa. Wa. Water. Food. Marrilyn, Food. FOOOOD. Fo-o-o-d. Seeds. Seeds. Se-e-e-e-edzzzzzz. Seeds. Seeds."

She had all she could do to keep from laughing in his face. A grown man. But wait,

something new in the repertoire. He'd called in the assistant. He'd changed the pattern of the exercise. Her chance had finally come. He wanted her to talk. Watching him with keen eyes she waited for some kind of signal to begin.

He held up the feed bag in front of her. "Seed, Marrilyn, c'mon girl, seed." He repeated himself several times. She waited one, long, dramatic and suspenseful moment before answering. And then, "SEED" she shouted triumphantly. The historic moment arrived at last. She had said it clearly, distinctly, in her best Mynah Southern Standard. The assistant had made the corresponding notation. She strained her neck to see the official pad, to see the sound of her utterance neatly recorded. She read "CHIRP".

"*Chirp?*" she demanded.

The assistant wrote it down again.

"But I didn't say *Chirp!*" she insisted, "I said *Seed!*"

The trainer's assistant was scribbling furiously. The dish of water was placed before her beak.

"Water, Marrilyn. Wa-ter. Wa-a-a-ter."

She shifted nervously from one foot to another. Then she blurted out raucously, "Water."

"Chirp," wrote the assistant.

"Water," said the bird.

"Chirp," wrote the assistant.

"Dear Lord," said the bird, "Can't you hear?"

"Water," repeated the scientist.

"Water," said the bird, nearly in tears.

"Chirp," wrote the assistant.

Marrilyn was at her wits' end and the scientist, seeing her so obviously frustrated, retreated for the day leaving the bird to ponder alone.

"I can't understand it," she ruminated. "I knew what I meant and I *said* it. Maybe my accent . . . Well, and they've never really heard a bird actually speak so willingly — except for these phony parrots who just tease for fun and don't really know the first thing about the scientific approach, the higher pursuits, sublimity, eloquence . . ."

She broke off, chastising herself for her lack of charity and decided it would be best

not to dwell on it anymore. Things would be better the next day.

And sure enough, they were. That day and all the following days of many weeks the scientist and his "Dullard" assistant continued the game. Each day what she spoke and what the assistant noted down became more and more one and the same thing. Until finally, when the scientist asked her, "Marrilyn, what do you drink?" and her answer "Water," was finally written down as what she had always maintained it was, there was general rejoicing on both sides; on Marrilyn's because they had at last learned to *hear* properly; on the other, because she had finally learned how to *say* correctly. She'd passed the first test.

Now they wanted to test her ability to structure, make relationships, combine her "linguistic responses" according to the rules of syntax, in short, to see if she could ever become a full participant in language. Which, she had long known, she already was. But in all the tests that followed, the same thing began to happen again — she couldn't make them hear. And not only that, but they were saying nonsense things to her. The science part of it was degenerating, she was tempted to think. They were telling her silly things like "These are *not* seeds," when they held the water, and "This is *not* water," when they showed her the seeds. They asked her to put her foot in the water, which she did, and to put her foot in the seeds which she thought was ridiculous, but did anyway. But then they told her to put the seed in the water, which confused her because that was perfectly preposterous and she just didn't understand. She was really beginning to lose all patience with them. One day, right in the middle of the systematic sign contingencies test, she gave them a piece of her mind.

"FOOLS!" she screeched.

"Chirp," noted the assistant.

"Bunglers!" said the bird, a bit more harshly.

"Chirp," wrote the assistant, quite clearly.

"She hasn't improved much," observed the scientist sadly.

"No, doctor," came the efficient reply.

"Well, after nine months of stupid handling," said the bird, "What do you expect

from me, idiots? Don't you know language when you hear it *yet*?"

The assistant had written about thirty chirps in precise phonemic notation. Marrilyn refused to say another word.

The tests were finally over. She already had an indication of the results. She couldn't reconcile them with the truth she knew. And yet, despite how badly it had all been handled (she'd softened a bit in her judgment of the scientist and his assistant — one must leave room, she realized, for misunderstanding and general tension and intolerance in these important attempts at momentous achievements), she felt hemmed in by her great respect for empirical science. She knew in her heart they were right, but she knew where she stood as well. And the battle thus raged in her bird brain the whole night before the pronouncement.

It came the following morning at the annual assembly of the Linguistics Institute.

- That there seemed to be few if any learned elements in the bird's speech.
- That birds do not possess a linguistic "lexicon" that would provide a name for new categories that come into use and become important in the community life. Birds do not seem to possess this systematic "map of the community mind."
- That birds, even if they do learn, or can be trained to produce a small number of approximations of words, will have an extremely small and limited vocabulary. The words will not function as signs for other birds.
- That birds are not known to create acceptable and novel combinations of the words it might possibly be taught.
- That birds do not grasp combination aspects of speech, especially the combination of linguistic responses to rules of syntax.
- Therefore, ". . . if the essence of language is taken to be selective responses to . . . stimuli, then scarcely any animal lacks language. If . . . the responses must be treated by other animals in the species as signs . . . then there will still be some animal languages. . . . if we ask whether there is any set of responses used by animals among themselves that manifests all the properties invariably found in human languages, the answer must be no."

Marrilyn had long resigned herself to the verdict. Even before reading it she knew the answer: she didn't speak. She didn't use language. It had been an awful experience, a room 101, but she had learned. A nospeak miracle. Marrilyn loved Big Brother. She wanted to cry out for joy.

"Chirp," she said.

Manassas

Come! And we all came out that day,
All of us came out young,
With morning in our eyes,
To cheer the quick encounter
With the line of undreaming men
Who stood in blue and waited.
Virginia, we came arrayed
With carriages and picnic boxes,
Blankets, babies, sunbonnets,
To watch the progress of the war.
And we all came out with trumpets
Blaring in our brains,
“Dixie” echoed to the cloudless sky,
Rolled down the yellow fields
At Manassas.

And oh, what a glorious war!
From carriages above the ridge
We saw the Union blue
Strung silent on the hill,
While on this side
The gray lines hid
In shadows slanting southward.

Come! And the shout
Swung up the wind,
Sun gleamed on the rifle butts,
And lightning sparked through the wind,
And blood ran down Bull Run
Through yellow fields of Virginia.
We watched, and waited,
Watched, and saw the promise running red
In fire-dried streams,
Heard the trumpets sound retreat
Through cannon smoke.

“What did you go out to see?”

Unreal country.
Was that thunder rolling in the sky,
Come to disturb our Sunday picnic,
Come to cut the summer haze that hung
Between pine needles and the sky?
Was that rain which stilled
The shrill of crickets in the swamps,
And quieted the summer dust
On clouded country roads?
Must we leave
And must you bring tomorrow
Grinding to our door?

“But what did you go out to see?”

Once upon a time
There was a glory in those fields,
A glory in the fighting,
In splendid uniforms with family swords,
And in the streets of Richmond
Where we stood to cheer
The young men marching North
When God was on our side.
There was a glory in the living
And so much more in dying.
But why is there blood on the fields,
And thunder groaning in the sky
Swinging against the rain,
And echoes crying
Shiloh, Shenandoah?

PAULA DUGGAN, '69



And The Truth...

The truth should have made us free, you
know.

But there we were

Always talking, chattering like a jouncing
pocket full of bottle caps,

Too impatient

(or was it afraid of the silence?)

To listen.

Just listen.

To stop our perpetual tongues, radios and
assorted noisemakers

And hear

bread breaking crust crisp

and also hearts (some with a tiny plastic
crunch)

and wine being amply poured

and tears falling into oceans

and our brother humming

and hands clasping

and sometimes clapping.

But there we were

Too enchanted (or was it enchained) by our
words,

clicking like dice and poker chips
between us,

To take time out or just to be.

And this could be a maybe why the truth

Has never made us free —

Its quiet hurts our ears too much.

KATHLEEN ROGERS, '69



MARY MARGARET TEAGUE, '69

She stood alone on the sidewalk, a thin rag of a girl, too tall for her cotton dress so that her legs stuck out, white and uncertain. She was skinny. That was what people noticed about her, her skinniness and her legs. People saw her and said, "There's Beets St. Denis. Ain't she a skinny one? Not like her Ma used t' be." Other than to compare her with her Ma, people didn't think about Beets. She was neither notorious, nor beautiful. Beets knew it. She didn't think about herself either.

Today, though, standing on the sidewalk, Beets thought. She thought how she felt a funny prickling on her neck, like a rash or something, only there was nothing there except the feeling. She wondered about it. It kind of scared her! She didn't know why but there was something about the tingling that made her afraid. "You're an idiot, Beets, a

real idiot," she told herself. Beets was not given to self-investigation. She figured if she ignored the feeling it would go away.

She sat on the curbstone, folding her legs beneath her, drawing them up and resting her chin on her knees, feeling her tight body relax. With eyes closed she pictured a dancer. She clothed her in a burgundy gown. Beets was not sure what "burgundy" was but she liked the sound of it. It sounded rich and far away from the street. So she clothed the dancer in burgundy and she began to sway, first alone, then with a stranger who appeared from nowhere. The dancer and the stranger whirled across the ballroom. The music rang violently. Beets thrilled so to the swift swirl of the gown that she did the wrong thing. She giggled. "Don't," she said. The picture was growing. There was no skinny-legged girl to spoil the dance and no sidewalk. In a minute the prince was going to kiss the princess. Beets felt it coming, she always knew —

"Hey, Beets? Hello. Hey, wake up, you. —"

Beets looked up at Lodovico. He was tall anyway, so from her ground view he became giant. Lodovico was thirteen and Italian. He was also Beets' best friend.

Beets liked Lodovico. She liked him a lot. She'd never thought why — he just made her happy. He smiled a lot and it was like a great chuckle. When they laughed together, Beets enjoyed the sound. It was a good clear sound that said they were special friends and they understood each other. Beets really cared for Lodovico. He showed her things in a different way. That pleased her. Mostly she didn't like things the way she knew them all by herself. She needed him to make her see them right.

She remembered how, when they wandered that day through the market district, she'd said how awful the smell was. Lodovico had just turned and said, "C'mon." Then he took her to a fish market. He pointed to a string of fresh-caught trout and said, "Look at it." Beets didn't care to look. She thought it smelled awful. But Lodovico made her stand before the line of trout.

"See," he had said, "they're beautiful. See how the light flecks off them? When you see

them like this, Beets, you don't care about the smell. Everything's like that. If you look hard enough, you see it's really beautiful. Like even these trout."

"You're nuts," Beets had said. "Lodo, you're really nuts, you know. These fish smell and I'm leavin'."

But after that Beets started seeing things more. Like the glint of quartz on pieces of rock, and the way the sun shone on windows. Beets would tell Lodovico of these things. She knew he'd always listen. He listened to everybody. In fact sometimes Beets thought Lodovico was a listening person. He didn't talk much. That would have bothered her — not talking — but Lodovico liked to listen. She smiled to herself, thinking how sometimes that really made her mad.

Another thing about Lodovico was that he had the notoriety Beets lacked. He was Italian, which was bad. But what was worse, he played the violin. Not only did Lodovico play the violin but he played it well. Beets enjoyed watching the flex of his arm moving the bow. The delicacy of his knobby wrist entranced her. If anyone had thought to ask her what she loved most, she would have said, "I love to hear Lodovico play." The music tore through her and hit some secret place that only Lodovico knew. It choked her sometimes. Once, when the strings quivered tensely, Lodovico let her touch them. Then she felt the power of the instrument, the quiet, sensuous power that swelled her soul when she listened. All she really knew, though, was the string beneath her fingers. Lodovico was kind to her and Beets liked him for it. It was as simple as that . . . Suddenly his voice brought her back.

"Dreaming? I'll bet if I thought a while I could tell you what about. Want some gum?" Lodovico gave her a piece and took one for himself. Then he rolled the wrapper into a ball and tossed it into the street. They watched as its silver glitter drowned in the funnelling sewer water. Lodovico flicked black hair from his forehead.

"I got a new piece today. Tarro says if I get it fast enough, he'll start me on something really good! You know, classical stuff." He

looked at her, anticipating what she would say.

"Everything you play is good stuff, Lodovico. I think it's nice." Beets felt she hadn't said the right thing. Lodovico didn't look satisfied.

"Well, okay, maybe some of it's all right. But I'm older than you, and I sort of know what's good better than you, that's what. I mean, what I play now, really, that's not great music. But someday I will. I'll play great music and be famous. Anyway, now I've got a new piece. Would you like t'come hear it? I mean, it's not all learned yet, or anything like that, but it's pretty good even now. It's the best I've had. Wanta come?"

While he spoke Lodovico stared into the street. He chewed pensively on the gum, not seeing Beets beside him. There was something strange about him. Beets began to get that queer feeling again. It still scared her, but she didn't worry about it. She was much more interested in Lodovico's news. She wished, though, that he would look at her. He seemed very far off. It was spooky in a way. "Okay," she said, "You know I want to hear it. That's sort of a stupid question, don't you think? I'll come over sometime."

"All right." Lodovico was quiet for a long minute.

Well, Beets wanted to scream, what do you want me to say? "All right," he says, like it's nothing and he doesn't even care if I come or not. He just keeps sitting there looking off like there was something to see that I don't know about. What's he want me to say, anyway?

It hadn't been like this before. Beets couldn't figure what had happened, but this wasn't the same Lodovico she thought she knew. This new person bothered her. She wanted to know what's the matter but she was afraid.

"Lodo," she said, "what's wrong? Something's awful, Lodo, but I don't know what."

"Nothin's wrong," Lodovico said. "It's your imagination. You're a crazy kid, you know, Beets, crazy! There's nothin' wrong. So forget it. Hey! I got invited to a concert! Tarro had the ticket, an' he wasn't goin' so he gave it to me —"

Beets felt lonesome. Only one ticket. That meant he'd go alone and she'd be left out again. She tried to act happy for him.

"That's great! You can tell me all about it. Okay?" Something stuck in her throat. She didn't want to hear the concert? Why cry, she scolded herself. But the knot stayed in her throat and it was hard to keep smiling.

Lodovico, if he noticed her hurt at all, ignored it. He turned away, staring into the street again.

"You'll be sure an' tell me about it?" she whispered.

"All right," he said.

Beets knew Lodo had something else to say. She didn't ask what. She waited. When Lodovico wanted to talk, he would.

"I saw Mike and them on the way here," he finally said. "They're comin' to get us in a while. Said it'll be fun, what they're doin'. I guess you'll want to go, huh?" His eyes beseeched her to say no. Beets knew that Lodovico didn't like Mike's gang. She knew too, that Mike lost no love for Lodovico. Always she was forced into this position be-

tween them. Sometimes it made her sick.

The first time she'd brought Lodovico into the gang, the kids had gaped. But they didn't say anything. Later there had been little digs on the side. Like they started to call him Loco, and they did things that Beets hated. Sometimes they'd tell him to meet them somewhere pretty far away. Then they'd gather in the clubhouse and laugh at how stupid he'd look standing there all alone, waiting and waiting till nobody came.

One time Lodovico had gotten even with Mike. There was a day when Mike said how they all had to help clean the hideout, and that everybody had something to do. Then he told Lodovico that he'd have the paint to scrub. It was funny, Beets thought, how Lodo managed it.

"Ya," he had said to Mike, "I'll do it. Sure. Give me some money for Elbow Grease . . ." Elbow Grease — Beets had nearly died trying not to laugh.

"Hey, who the hell are you?" said Mike. "Nobody gets the money 'round here 'cept me."

"Okay," Lodovico had said. "then I can't do it. Not without Elbow Grease. It's a special kind. Can't do anything without it. — Hey! — Unless you buy it, Mike. Ya, you buy it an' bring it back to me. That way you get the money. Okay?" Lodovico smiled sincerely at Mike. Beets had grinned at him. It was a super joke. Mike was an idiot.

"All right. I'll go." Mike had surrendered. He had ambled off, leaving Beets and Lodovico holding each other for support, laughing until their sides hurt from it. "Elbow grease —"

Later, Mike returned, chagrined. He looked hatred at Lodovico.

"Very funny, guinea. So there ain't no Elbow Grease. Well, watch it kid. You're lookin' to get pounded. C'mon, Beets."

Beets had wondered a lot if Mike knew how she'd egged Lodo on. She doubted it. Later Mike told her how he'd gone to McCaffery's and asked for a quarter's worth of Elbow Grease, and the man behind the counter laughed and said how it was the funniest joke he'd ever heard. Mike said how



he'd laughed too, and bought a Heath bar, but Beets knew he'd never forgive Lodovico. After that the gang ignored Lodovico — by Mike's orders, Beets thought. They just figured he was Beets' friend. Let her put up with him.

At first the band's rejection of Lodo bothered her. But she couldn't quit the gang, so she waited for them to forget about him. She knew Lodovico didn't mind. He only came to be with her.

"I guess you'll go." Lodovico repeated his question, and startled her back to Now.

She didn't want to go, not really, but she said, "Ya, I guess I'll go. You can too, if you want. I mean, there's nothing to prevent you. And the gang's not bad. It's just, you're older than us, that's all. You know how it is, Lodovico, so don't be mean about it. They're my friends, you know. Where would I be if I had no friends? But, course, you're my special one. You're the best friend I have, Lodovico, so don't get mad when I hang around with them. Don't get mad — please!"

Lodovico's face twisted in a grimace. "Please — Please — you talk like a baby. Do you think it matters to me who you care about? Do you think I mind what you do? I'm beyond that, Carolyn, don't you know?"

Beets face turned hot and red, as it always did when Lodo called her by her right name. There was a newness in it that bothered her. She didn't want to be Carolyn. She was Beets!

"Yes, you do care! You know you do — So let's not fight anymore. I'm tired of it. C'mon, let's do something. Okay? Let's go find the kids. You come too, huh? Remember about the elbow grease?" They giggled. "I won't have fun if you don't come too. C'mon, please!"

Lodovico laughed. "There you go again."

They jumped up from the curb like children. They laughed together, her high-pitched gurgle, his chuckle blending into the afternoon air, delighting Mrs. Sweeney who waddled home, smiling at their youth.

Hand in hand they ran down Plunkett's back alley, through strings of clothes lines, and stopped, panting, under an old bill-

board, advertising Sunbeam bread. Someone had drawn a mustache over the smiling face of the billboard child. They laughed at it, but Lodovico told Beets not to read the words written next to it. Beets smiled. He was always saying crazy things like that. Trying to protect her, she supposed. It was kind of nice to have someone do that for you.

When they had rested, they walked to another alley. At the end, the gang had erected a clubhouse. The sound of Mike's voice reached them before they saw the shack itself. When they arrived, the boys were lined up, military fashion. Porky, the youngest, stood with a knapsack slung over his back. Mike's voice was raised protesting some unavoidable problems.

"Nah! Porker — Idiot! Gimme that back. Okay, you guys —" Mike interrupted himself to salute Beets. He gave Lodovico a nod of recognition that was obvious in its dislike. "Hi, you two." With a glance at Lodovico, Mike said to Beets, "You're late." Leaning closer to her he whispered, "What the hell'd ya bring him for?"

Beets simply glared at him. She had no use for Mike when he was trying to act important. It was stupid, Beets thought, to try to be important. You were still a dumb kid, no matter what you did. Sometimes it hurt her to think how you always had to be a dumb kid. So she glared at Mike for his stupidity. "I like him," she said.

"Okay, fellas, move!" Mike shouted. The boys trudged out through the alley. They jostled each other for positions, kicking their way to the head of the line. But no one yelled or anything like that. Beets saw that this was something big they were doing. She felt excited.

"Why are we being so quiet?" she turned to Mike.

Mike's eyes glowed with the impact of his news. Beets waited while she pondered just how much he could tell her. The air of mystery suddenly struck her as another of his tendencies to act important. She thought how, if the idea wasn't so great, she'd laugh right in his face.

"Well," said Mike "there's this blue jay

that's been coming everyday to Conant's lot. So we figured as how old man Conant wouldn't much mind if we was to go down and take pot shots at it. I mean, throw a few rocks and all . . . not t'kill it, I mean . . . I mean —" Mike's enthusiasm had petered out at the change in Beets' face. He stopped in consternation.

"Well, what the hell do ya want, anyway? Like what, huh? I got the rocks an' the guys think it's great, so who're you tryin' to impress? — Dammit! If ya don't wanta come, don't. But, hey, quit the starin', huh? It bugs me, Beets!" Mike bit a hangnail and turned to go. "If you're with us then, c'mon."

Beets stood and watched him go.

"You don't want to go, Beets."

It was Lodovico. Lodovico was standing there telling her what she wanted to do. Beets felt funny again. She had to get away. She had to run somewhere. So she ran after Mike, plucking rocks from the pavement as she went.

Lodovico saw her hand them to the gang, a peace offering, he figured. He followed her slowly.

When they arrived on Conant's lot, sure enough the bird was there. Oh darn it he's here, Beets thought. She wanted to tell it to go away. It was a pretty thing. But then, Mike said they weren't going to kill it. Just take shots at it.

"You won't kill it, really, Mike?" she said.

"No stupid. What do you think I am, anyway?" Mike sounded mad, and Beets knew that he would not let them kill the bird.

With a deft switch of his hand, Mike sounded the battle. Rocks flew from every direction. Somehow, though, none of them came near the jay. He perched quietly on the line. Beets felt the tension ease. The bird would be all right. She wondered why she should have cared anyway. Why cry over a stupid bird.

Mike stood watching Lodovico's slow approach. He grinned maliciously. "Hey, Lodo, what's the matter with you? You scared? Why? 'Fraid the birdy'll bite?"

The members of the gang took up Mike's taunt. They formed a circle around Lodovico. In the center, Lodovico stood apart, quiet,

showing no emotion. Beets waited for him to color under Mike's taunt. He made no move.

"'Fraid of a bird? Ah — 'Fraid of hurtin' his precious baby fingers. Poor Lodo — Poor fraidy cat Lodo —"

If he'd only yell back or somethin', Beets thought. But Lodovico did nothing. He stood alone. Beets felt a fire rush through her body — Do something! Do anything — Lodo, please! Beets' thought whirled. Why just stand there, Lodo — Lodo, anything —

Lodovico never moved. He smiled at Mike. "Don't take it out on a poor bird — ugh! —"

Before he finished, Mike was on him, pinning him to the ground. The gang cheered them on. Mike pounded at Lodovico, slashing at him. Beets saw Lodo choke. In a minute he would be gagging —

"Hey, cut that out!" Beets was shocked at the fury in her voice. "Cut that out. He don't have to if he don't want to! Leave 'im alone, you guys! Mike, make them leave 'im alone—"

Mike's face glinted with mischief. He let Lodovico go. He knew Beets and how to shut her up. "Look what's talkin'. Another baby. Poor baby girl. You're a mother, that's what you are. You're in love with the Italian. You love Lodovico!" Roaring at his wit, Mike ignored the violence of Beets' look. He stood there, sweaty clothes caked with mud, his nose running, his grin cruel.

Struck by this innovation, the rest of the gang took up the chant. "You love Lodovico! — You love Lodovico! —"

Beets felt sick. She couldn't look at Lodo. She felt her neck grow stiff. Her face was hot. Her eyes burned. She was furious! Beyond her the faces of the gang were a blur. Her eye fell on the jay, quiet on its perch. She seized a rock. With all her strength she hurled it at the bird. It fell. From the lopsided head blood poured out and splattered the pavement. They stood spellbound, watching the red circle grow bigger and bigger.

Beets looked about her dazed. She wanted to cry.

"Carolyn —" Lodovico said.

She turned her deadened face to him. "Go away," she said, "I hate your guts!"



my flybeenorthwards searching a suitable

*i fly and flying to the north
i fly and coming downed
i reach my feets unto the earth
to think of looking round
i march right to the windows
and pounding on the door
i stick my hands up to them folk
all glad to reach they shore
i say howdo and walking past
i walk right to their house
and you might say i work right fast
i am no little mouse
i looking to their faces
to see their friendship smile
i looking on their hearthstones
and hope to stay a while
i eat their little cakies
with ice-dish also too
i tastes and quite delicious
so, quickly i am through
and then i ask the question
“and can i staying now?”
their faces dropping downwards
they answer question, “how?”
i look a bit and sadly
my faces looking thin
i scuffle past and to the door
to leave where i came in
i fly again to mounterns
and crossing agile, i
return again to back home
and didn't say goodbye.*

JANICE WALSH, '68

The Boss

ELLEN LESIAK, '69

Every Christmas he paid the family a visit. He was a toad — a rubber-skinned reptile dressed like a man. The children were sure of it and their feelings toward him were those of any child toward a pond-slimy frog. When he caught the oldest daughter on his knee during his once-a-year benevolence trek, he puffed through a hoarse throaty voice, "How's my little miss?" His cigar smoke stung into her eyes. She felt an instinctive revulsion. He had warts. With an innocent stare, she refused to kiss his flabby cheeks. The more he coaxed, the more staunch was her denial. They played at this ritual until he tired of it. Then, with a Santa Claus gesture, he would produce a big, ribboned package from a brown paper bag and hand it to her. His present was always bigger and better than any other, but she liked it less. It was from him. When released, she walked quickly across the room, with feigned shyness and without thanks, to share a chair with one of her brothers. The knee-balancing ordeal would then continue with each of her brothers and sisters in turn. They were overjoyed with his visits.

When all the gifts were given out he sipped sherry with her parents and talked. He talked about business, always. She watched him, squatting on the edge of her father's favorite armchair, his belly hanging over his belt so that the shirt buttons looked as though they would burst, like corn popping. Slowly, tentatively, he conversed, rubbing his tailor-made sleeves against the thin upholstery.

"Well yes," he said, "it has been a good

year productionwise. We've done a good job, Bill."

He addressed her father as though he were a corporation co-partner. But she couldn't help thinking that it was only once a year her father looked small and meek, Christmas Day.

Years ago James had told her he had webs between his toes because, of course, he was really a frog. She had asked him then, in their annual session, to take off his shoes. When urged, she had told him why, only to be patted on the back side and sent off with a present and an indignant "harmumpf." Then she was sure he had frog feet. She wasn't now. But she knew that his feet were probably ugly too, like the rest of his over-stuffed body.

By the time she was a senior in high school her instinctive dislike of him had developed into fearless animosity — a conscious antagonism to all he represented. He only came on Christmas day but he was present to her all year round — in the clothes she wore, the food she ate, the conversations of her parents, the blisters on her father's hands. As usual he appeared that Christmas. This time he began giving gifts to the youngest first and she escaped farther, farther into her own mind until the conversational roar ebbed into a distant drone. Her eyes roamed from the cracked plastered ceiling to the floor, to surprised, bashful eyes, a yellowing wedding picture, and the hideous scarlet ashtray. In her mind she swept them into one huge heap and began to push them away. But it was impossible. They were inseparable from her own self. Gradually she became aware of the rhythmic rocker beat. Louder, louder, louder. Clicky clack, clicky clack, clicky clack, reject, reject, rejec, re, re, re. Silence. All eyes were on her.

"Well aren't you going to take it?"

"Huh?"

"The job. He's giving you a good job," her mother insisted, "you know, after school."

"Oh."

"You want to be a secretary. It's the best he can do for you."

"No."

"What?"

"No. I don't want his job."

"What?"

She looked at her could-be benefactor half apologetically. He looked helpless. Sad? Nobody talked. She turned away and walked upstairs.

She flopped face-downward on her bed. Two orange-bright Christmas candles lit the warm black room. She lay silent for awhile and then sat on the edge of her bed, elbows on the windowledge and lit a cigarette. Between furious short puffs she peeled the dry chapped skin off her lips until the flesh was tobacco-burned and sore. She wanted to cry but for what? For him? For herself? For her

family? Finally she heard his departure.

"Good-by."

"Merry Christmas."

"Thank you for the gifts."

"Yes, thank you very much."

"Watch your step it's icy."

"Thank you."

"Thank you."

"Thank you."

She followed his three-legged hobble up the drive. The big business tycoon of the small one-industry, slave town. Pressing her face against the steamy orange window, she watched him fade down the street.

Song For My Children

When you pulled me to
the waterside
wanting me to throw
stones at the great grey bird
my face so scolded
you, there was no
need for words. You cried
and in your thoughts you threw
little children, at me,
all your fear
of the bird forgotten.
Sometimes I come here
to hear my fear by
the dark water,
gain ascendancy
with a quick small kill.
Your candid eyes will cloud
soon, raked by knowing
what I have told
with mine today. But how —
when you pull my face,
little children, to
meet your candid eyes —
how shall I lie to you?

JANE O'CONNELL, '69

Synapse

Synapse, a departure from the traditional book-review section, aims at presenting attitudes and cross-currents in literature. This issue, the focus is on 'love' — and some of its interpretations.

Passion means suffering, something undergone, the mystery of fate over a free and responsible person.

Denis de Rougement, in *Love in the Western World*, calls the Romance of *Tristan and Iseult* the "one great European myth of adultery." But it is the element of passion, with all that it symbolizes, which makes it not just a love story but a significant love story.

Simply told, *Tristan* is a tale of illicit love. Tristan, the nephew of King Mark of Cornwall, goes to Ireland to bring Iseult the Fair back to be Mark's wife. On the return voyage, the pair drink a love potion meant for Iseult and the king and they fall hopelessly in love. But Tristan must give Iseult to Mark; and so the lovers must keep their love secret. Four watchful barons finally convince the king of the queen's adultery; she is given to a band of lepers and Tristan sentenced to death. Tristan escapes, rescues Iseult, and they live together in the forest for three years, until Iseult is forgiven by her husband and returns to him. After some time, believing that the queen no longer loves him, Tristan leaves Cornwall and marries another Iseult, Iseult of the White Hands. But he cannot love her, and on his deathbed he sends for Queen Iseult. His jealous wife tells him that the returning ship has black sails, signaling Iseult's refusal to come, and Tristan dies of grief. When Iseult the Fair arrives, she dies with her lover.

This, then, is the myth. It is de Rougement's belief that "a myth arises whenever it becomes dangerous or impossible to speak plainly about certain social or religious matters, or affective relations, and yet there is a desire to preserve these or else it is impossible to destroy them." *Tristan* is a conflict between

two essentially opposing codes — the feudal and the chivalric. Feudalism was respected, time-honored, official; courtly love was none of these things. Hence the need for a symbolic veiling of passion and its dark central nature. The importance of the love-potion in the myth is therefore paramount.

Tristan and Iseult are not lovers at first sight. Iseult in fact tries to murder Tristan when she discovers that it is he who killed her uncle, the giant Morholt. But she is prevented, either because she wishes to become Mark's queen or, as some versions of the story indicate, because she cannot bear to harm the handsome prince. Only after the drinking of the potion does she fall in love with him and he with her. The love-potion is the key to the myth; de Rougement calls it the "*alibi* for passion."

In the original Celtic tradition the effect of the potion lasted only three years, but only one of the twelfth and thirteenth century versions retains this time element. The use of "three" is an obvious formalism, but it leads to the equally obvious question of why a love-potion which was to be used by a husband and wife should wear off at all. Writers in the courtly tradition adapted the myth to suit their own purposes, and the potion's effect became lasting.

The potion itself meets two basic needs. Since married love was not only impossible according to courtly love rules but sinful in the eyes of the Church, a husband and wife would have to rely on the magical effects of a potion to love each other passionately. But, more importantly, the potion is a *symbol* of passion, which is powerful and everlasting in its consequences. It is fatal and binding, and it has nothing to do with physical attraction. It puts the lovers "in a thrillingly contradic-



tory position. They love, but not one another. They have sinned, but cannot repent; for they are not to blame." The significance of the potion can be clearly seen when it is *omitted* from the story as in some versions whose authors regarded it as unnecessary. When the lovers are held directly responsible for their passionate relationship, the myth acquires moral overtones which are foreign to it. Its central theme is destroyed and it becomes Dante's tale of Francesca da Rimini.

Passion is an essentially passive emotion. One submits to it, often unwillingly, and the potion is a symbol of a fatal, unbreakable bond. Tristan and Iseult do not love one another. They claim that they have no reason to — but they are bound by the "poison" of the potion. In fact they are happier apart than together, for passion is not love of person but love of *love*. It is a deep desire not for consummation but for desire itself, and inherent in this is the "death-wish" which is the underlying theme of the myth, and which had its culmination in Wagner's opera.

Passion, to de Rougemont, represents "the repressed longing for death, for self-experience to the utmost," and its prevalence in not only the *Tristan* myth but the greater part of Western romantic literature indicates a universal desire for "unhappy mutual love."

DEBORAH FIELD, '68

All you need is love — love is all you need.

No word is found more in the expressive hippie universe than "love." And no word is more misunderstood by people on the outside who often see the new love as simply beflowered promiscuity — one mad affair each night of the week. Or perhaps hippie love looks like a sexless cop-out, neuterized masses of beads and long hair. Well, hippie love is nothing that simple. "Love" is the hippies' fundamental orientation to other people, to himself in life, and to God. It is neither Eros nor Agape, but a curious blend of the two with Eastern concepts of love-self-God-All.

The evolution of this interpretation of love is reflected primarily in music, just as courtly love was expressed in the songs of troubadours. As Denis de Rougemont explains the myth, Tristan and Iseult love each other as instruments for arousing a mutual, passionate,

tragic love. The lovers believe they have been destined for each other from all eternity — perfect soul-mates, victims of a sudden, irresistible, and fatal attraction. It is interesting that the evolution of love themes in folk-rock music shows a growth away from that very myth.

An examination of the Beatles' music illustrates this process. One of their early best-sellers tells the old story "She was just seventeen, if you know what I mean, and the way she looked was way beyond compare. I knew that I'd never dance with another (oooh) when I saw her standing there." Tristan obviously recognizes Iseult across a crowded room and knowing immediately that he will never be able to love or dance with anyone else. The important factor is that the Beatles fans who adopted the song as an expression of their experience are preserving their parents' tradition of "Some enchanted evening — you will see a stranger . . ."

As the influences of peace and freedom movements, blues and drugs penetrated the adolescent sub-culture the people changed and so did their songs. George Harrison's "Within You Without You" is as far from "She was Just Seventeen" as the flower children are from the naive teenagers of 1960. It is a love song, but the problems it sings of are not those of finding a perfect dancing partner and living happily ever after.

We were talking — about the space between
us all
and the people — who hide themselves
behind a wall of illusion
never glimpse the truth —
then it's far too late —
when they pass away.
We were talking — about the love
we all could share
when we find it — to try our best
to hold it there.
With our love — with our love —
we could change the world —
if they only knew.

Whatever kind of love it is that "all could share," that could "change the world," it is not a crush writ large. Tristan would be regarded as the selfish hung-up man hiding behind a wall of illusion. The real lover in hippie groups is a partner in a truth search. Tristan used their passion to carry out a death-wish ending in Wagnerian night. Hallucinogenic drugs are a more honest means of

transcendence defining search as search and people as people, rather than exploiting the second as a tool for the first.

The disillusionment and dissatisfaction in Western married life follows from accepting the myth's claim that happiness can be found only in illegitimate love. This unhappiness present among the hippies' middle class parents produces an intense desire for the satisfaction and acceptance to be found in communal living. Flower children are happy to serve other people and to play at house-keeping. And in a related reaction both to the glorification of sex and the narrow, rigid definitions of maleness and femininity in American society there is an apparent blurring of sexual distinctions, as expressed in clothing and hair-length. Such de-emphasis of sex-bound role can facilitate concern for the real humanity of the person. This is certainly an improvement over our market-oriented straight world where men bargain charm and expensive dinners for sexual gratification and the status of being seen with an attractive woman. Indeed, this blurring of limiting roles combined with intensive community living and constant inward and interpersonal search may create a climate in which true man-ness or woman-ness can be attained.

The hippies' characteristic "live and let live" approach to the world stems from the Eastern equation of love and tolerance. The problem is that this diffuse tolerance may justify a mediocrity as real as the middle-class mediocrity the group deplores. When everyone and everything is "beautiful" it is not necessary to judge critically. And when the hippie says everyone should "do his own thing" it can be either a blow for the cause of creative spontaneity, or a way of obtaining psychic support for achieving nothing. The Beatles say it well in "Fixing a Hole."

I'm painting my mind in the colorful way
And when my mind is wandering, there I will
go.
And it really doesn't matter if I'm wrong I'm
right
Where I belong I'm right
Where I belong.

There seems, though, to have been a movement toward activism and critical thinking in the group as a whole within the past few months partly due to the influence of honest

articulate leaders, partly to new forms of organization necessitated by the hostility of surrounding areas. This letter from "Tanya" to one of these leaders, Mel Lyman, is symptomatic of the new refusal to be content with daffodils and *Time* cover stories as love's destination.

All this love business is getting me sick, love love love love love. Most hippies love because this is the "in" thing and they are conforming in their way. It is very hard to find real love. Not romantic love, but love of everything and everyone at the same time . . . You have to look inside you but you have to be on your own or it isn't natural or real, it's just stimulated by a drug or something which means it's not really you, it's your shell filled with someone else's ideas.

The hippie religious style is increasingly concerned with Theosophy, the direct knowledge of God. Not only do drugs provide genuine religious experiences (as even Huston Smith acknowledges), but the hippies are turning increasingly to the occult. There is a growing interest in astrology, fortune telling and Tarot cards, symbolism and the mystic writings of the Cabala.

Even before St. Timothy Leary came on the scene with his visions and Oriental "set," the land of the East has represented spiritual search to Westerners. One of the most popular pre-hippie "beautiful" writers is Herman Hesse, a German, who decades ago told the outside of an inside journey in *Siddhartha*, *Journey to the East*, *Magister Ludi*, *Demian*, and *The Steppenwolfe*, the first three of which are set in the East. This causes love to have a distinctly Oriented flavor, linked to inner knowledge of the One, and resulting in a life of searching based on the discipline of charity for all. It is the antithesis of Eros, which concentrates love in the very unique passion between two people. As de Rougemont aptly describes it "The wisdom of the East pursues understanding in the progressive abolition of diversity," certainly helpful in understanding the non-violent, undifferentiated character of the hippies' self-proclaimed life of love.

And what of Agape? The community of poverty and love certainly seems to be a manifestation of the Christian love. The difference, until perhaps recently, has been a lack of dynamism, a lack of the social concern to

make the community a remnant servant group in service of the larger, admittedly sick, world community. Hippies do love Jesus — but as a man who knew, a fellow searcher. Mel Lyman expresses it:

when some people think of sweet Jesus
with his little toes
curling up hanging on the cross . . .
it turns my stomach . . .
His Favor is not to be won by noble acts
of self-sacrifice
or great shows of worship and adoration.
Only those who SURPASS him can ever
be said to have known him.
Adulation is ADULTERY.
Be GREAT or quiet your flattering tongue.
Greatness DETESTS worship,
it respects only MORE than itself,
it ENDURES less.
Do not whisper his name in hushed reverence
SHOUT IT WITH JOY FROM THE
HIGHEST ROOFTOP

In the end the true hippie is most like Hesse's Siddhartha, a young man who has left his wealthy home because tutors and the family-defined "good things of life" taste of ashes. And, as Siddhartha found he could not follow even Gautama Buddha, the hippie has found he must seek his own Way. It is, for many, a courageous gamble based on freedom and faith — the faith to create yourself anew.

Playing counterpoint to this is William Golding's representative modern man Oliver, for whom the real gamble when myths are gone is just more than a "reasonable price." As George Harrison asks to the accompaniment of the sitar, "Are you one of them?"

BARBARA DECK, '69

If thou be among people, make for thyself love, the beginning and end of the heart.

— *Instructions of Ptah Hotep*

With this ancient commandment of IPR, Golding prefaces his latest novel, *The Pyramid*. The reader may eagerly and expectantly affirm the human values and sentiments implicit in the instruction, but the novel reverses any expectations we may have had for a story of love. The function of the quotation is to comment ironically on the novel's actual theme, which is the inability to make love on any meaningful level.

Oliver, the central character and narrator, is among people, but his heart is un-begun, he cannot make for himself love. But then, as he himself observes in the last scene, he

"would never pay more than a reasonable price."

And then, what sort of people is he among and ultimately of? Heaven may be music, as Mr. Dawlish always said it was, but earth is a different matter. The residents of Stillbourne (a quiet English village which "was like anywhere else, after all,") "vibrated in time to the crystal pyramid." The cosmic dance and the music of the spheres are here reduced to the hypnotic mechanical tick of the metronome, which is a latter-day pyramid, emblem of non-life, governing life with a rigid tick.

Oliver is a science student and a musician. It is through his experience of music that he glimpses a possible self-transcendence, some vision of what life could and ought to be. He sees the possibilities but he cannot realize them, as we can see by an analysis of his attitudes toward the two women who are the objects of his youthful attention.

His first key "relationship" is with Imogen Grantley, whom he sees as the ideal woman. To love her from afar is "high fantasy and worship and hopeless jealousy," an attitude reminiscent of the courtly tradition. And Imogen is unattainable — she is twenty-three, Oliver but eighteen, and, she is getting married to another man. It is only after two years at Oxford that Oliver is able to return and view Stillbourne and Imogen in perspective. He has learned to demand truth and honesty. And he gets it. He listens to Imogen singing in the Stillbourne Opera Society's biennial production, and he recognizes her for what she is "a stupid, insensitive, vain woman."

Oliver's other key relationship is with Evie Babbacombe, Stillbourne's flourishing young sex symbol. At the same time that he is indulging in Imogen fantasies, Oliver, in his crass adolescent egocentricity, consciously regards her as an object to be exploited as far as possible. Evie also functions as a primal earth-mother figure and a source of evil. Relations with her cause Oliver a loss of innocence expressed in the guilt-ridden terms of a second fall. He wishes to hide from his father, repent, be forgiven, and return from the lush, sensuous, almost jungle-like woods where he has been with Evie, to the neatly

garden-plotted world of Stillbourne, his parents, and Imogen. Evie, though, has a desire to be loved, not used, a need which Oliver rejects. Several years later in a return to Stillbourne, Oliver meets Evie, by this time well-dressed, successful in the big city, her boss's mistress. They go to a pub for a drink and Evie loudly, bitterly, (and falsely) accuses Oliver of having raped her when she was fifteen. Her attempt to disgrace him is an indication of her own hurt and her hostility toward those who exploited her. She leaves and Oliver watches her walk off:

It was as if this object of frustration and desire had suddenly acquired the attributes of a person rather than a thing; as if I might — *we* might — have made something, music perhaps, to take the place of the necessary inevitable battle . . . Then she was gone. I went home confounded, to brood on this undiscovered person.

Oliver has seen through the myths to people as they are. He has glimpsed the shallowness of Imogen, and the undiscovered person in Evie. And that's about it. He is no more than casually concerned about lovelessness, and he isn't even aware enough to be alienated.

Golding has had more provocative questions and opinions and expressed them more powerfully in his earlier novels, *The Inheritors*, *Pincher Martin*, *Lord of the Flies* and *The Spire*. In *The Pyramid* his cosmic concerns for good and evil dwindle to a consideration of the microcosmic non-life of Stillbourne. The novel is humorous, but the humor lies in a mild and brittle satiric treatment of adolescence, pettiness, and eccentricity. Perhaps Golding has reached his middle-aged identity crisis and found out that the constricted birth-strangled modern world of Stillbourne is where it's at — or isn't, and should be, after all.

KATHLEEN ROGERS, '69

Love is dead.

Let's have a funeral and be done with it. No tears — just pick up the pieces and bury them. What's that? You'll miss having love around? Well, I've grown attached to it myself. But, let's face it — we've talked it right out of existence.

Love has been analyzed, categorized, schematized and pushed to the brink of absurdity.

There seems to be a mistaken notion that everything can be broken down into its component parts and then reassembled. But not all processes are reversible. We are, in fact, deceiving ourselves by thinking we can find a formula for love. It is not a mathematical problem in which you plug in values and presto — there's the answer.

Our secular world tends to demythologize. While it is important to do away with obstacles which hide the issue, continued stripping involves the possibility of destroying the whole concept. Once the dangers of fragmentation have been realized, we can aim for a more moderate approach.

Essentially, the problem lies in the use — or misuse — of language. All human communication must be formalized into symbols. Therefore, any attempt to explain my experience of love to you is not without value, provided I recognize the limitations of my subjective expression. In view of this, how can I conceive of my individual experience as an absolute norm for others. I can only speak of love as it touches me; I can never be certain that my idea corresponds to yours. We might be expressing completely different ideas, but just happen to be using the same words.

Fortunately, we are beginning to find a more existential language which rejects symbols that are superimposed on love. New terms, however, soon become stale and meaningless. So, someone initiates another set of symbols. Unfortunately, we tend to associate original terminology with creative thinking. Is the "art of loving" any different from the Christian virtue?

There is also the possibility of confusing the verbalization of an experience with the experience itself. "All we need is love." I don't doubt the sincerity of these words, but if they do not become part of us, they remain meaningless babble. Are we afraid to love, and therefore compensate by glorifying the concept with words? If love is to survive as a meaningful and necessary part of our lives, we must, at some point, stop talking and allow it to happen.

DIANE RATTE, '69

She is where the lightnings meet
The thunder musters arms
And where she is
Is actual air.
To breathe.

She is where the snow melts
For the final floods
Of Spring
And where she is
Are ships.
To sail.

She is where the miller sings
In favor of the Wheat
A perfect millstone
For grinding
And where she is
Is Bread.
To take.

Mary Luti, '69

